

The Outlook

Volume 78

Saturday, October 8, 1904

Number 6

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

Political Liars.....	345
The State Contests.....	346
An Address on the Race Question.....	347
Judge Gray's Decision.....	348
International Congress of Arts and Science.....	349
The Triennial Episcopal Conference.....	350
An American Impressionist.....	351
Sir William Harcourt.....	352
The War in the East.....	352
Vesuvius in Eruption.....	353
Inoculating the Ground.....	354

EDITORIALS

Political Issues: Imperialism.....	355
Senator Hoar.....	358
Slaughter by Accident.....	359
Liturgy for Non-Liturgical Churches.....	360
The Peace Movement.....	361

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

The Land of the Morning Calm.....	363
By George Kennan	
The Armenian Uprising.....	369
By Louise Seymour Houghton	
The General Convention and Missions.....	373
By Theodore T. Munger	
Cruelty in the Congo Country.....	375
By Booker T. Washington	
On the Underground Railroad.....	378
By Sara A. Shafer	
The Political Issues: A Free Parliament..	392

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Biography and Autobiography.....	381
Books of the Week.....	386

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add \$1.56 for postage.

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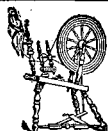
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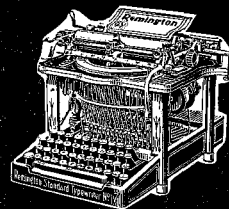
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The Outlook

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1904

Political Liars

From this time until the election the wise citizen will be on his guard against exaggerated reports, lying reports, and flagrant forgeries. It is easy to set these in circulation; it is impossible to kill them when once they are started on their travels. For example: Some conscienceless reporter has attributed to Judge Parker the saying that "a dollar a day is enough for a laboring man." This particular liar lacked inventive genius and had to borrow an old lie, for the same saying was attributed to Mr. Beecher years ago. He was also a stupid liar, for he ventured to state when and where Judge Parker said it, and the supposed witnesses straightway came forward with explicit denials. The New York "Evening Post" a few weeks ago published as an editorial a letter which "Mr. Roosevelt *might* have written," and put his name to it. A criminally careless reporter, or, more likely, a shrewd liar, seized on this fictitious letter and gave it circulation as one which Mr. Roosevelt really did write. A New York journal a few weeks ago reported that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had visited Oyster Bay in his yacht, that the President and Mr. Morgan had a conference, and that, as a result of certain pledges then made, Mr. Morgan promised Mr. Roosevelt his support. The whole story was a lie, without even a thread of truth in it. Mr. Morgan had not visited Oyster Bay, no conference had been held between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Morgan, or between any representatives of these gentlemen, and no pledges of any kind had passed between them. The whole story was a fabrication from beginning to end. So is the story published editorially in the New York "Times" that Mr. Cortelyou, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is collecting campaign funds from great corporations, with implied or express pledges that the contributors

shall be exempt from legal proceedings if Mr. Roosevelt is elected. To be perfectly explicit, its reported "concrete instance" is an absolute, unqualified falsehood, with no grain of truth in or under it to give it even a semblance of reality. Another lie of a similar character is one which we believe originated with the Pittsburg "Post," that "in some of the Southern States, notably Alabama, the President has constituted a board of white and negro politicians, to whom has been remitted the control of Federal patronage, with the negroes in a majority." This story is a pure fabrication. The only negro with whom the President has consulted about appointments is Booker T. Washington. What the best Southern people think about his appointments in the Southern States, "notably Alabama," and about his consulting with Dr. Washington, is indicated by the following recent article on this subject from the Montgomery "Daily Evening Times," a white Democratic paper:

WASHINGTON AND THE PRESIDENT

If Booker Washington, as charged, is really responsible for the Presidential appointments in Alabama, we have very little to find fault with him in the matter of advice to the President on this score. We are basing this admission on the presumption that the Tuskegee educator is in fact sponsor for certain selections by Mr. Roosevelt in this State credited to Washington's intercession. The "Times" will go further than this, in admitting that it does not recognize in Booker Washington's compliance with the request for information about men in Alabama whom the President may consider worthy of office as "dabbling in politics." It is a matter that any white man or Democrat would dignify with attention if called upon to that end by the President. The "Times" will say this for Mr. Roosevelt, as it has before had occasion to say: That no Republican President since the war has been more considerate of Alabama in selecting incumbents for the Federal offices in this State. If Booker Washington has shared in the exercise of a privilege that has made him a party to this result, the "Times" for

one recognizes no predicate for a criticism which presents him in any other light than that one in which he is reflected to us as a teacher who has trained the followers of his race in paths which thread to better ends than those which lead through the dangers and ruin of politics.

When Horace Greeley was editor of the New York "Tribune," he printed some statement in the editorial columns of that paper and accompanied it with the following laconic reply: "You lie, you villain." The men who invent political roorbacks in a campaign are liars, and it were well if all reputable people stigmatized them and their false reports accordingly.



**State Contests: New York
and New Jersey**

The recent revival of courage among the Democratic campaigners has been largely due to the nature of the State issues. This is notably the case in New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, and Rhode Island. The New York party lines are broken, and it is quite possible that there may be a wide difference in the vote for Presidential Electors and the vote for Governor. Judge Herrick, in his speech of acceptance, delivered on Saturday, October 1, promised to be independent of party dictation, and to bring about reforms, if elected Governor, and to advocate ballot reform so as to encourage independent nominations and independent voting. Mr. Higgins, the Republican candidate for Governor, in his speech of acceptance at Olean, October 4, placed the question of the election of Mr. Roosevelt as the paramount issue in the State, and in the most explicit manner declared that he would not be controlled by any man or by any party considerations in administering the office of Governor. In New Jersey it is not impossible that a Democratic Governor may be elected and yet the State go for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. The State issue is "equal taxation," and the question of railroad domination in State politics is involved. The State tax laws have not been revised since 1884. Under the present system there are two classes of taxation, first and second class. Railroads pay on "main stem" the first-class rate, and on terminals a different rate,

which is much lower than that paid on other real estate. In twenty years these terminals have increased in magnitude in cities like Jersey City, and the business of the railroads has multiplied so that they are paying dividends on a much larger capitalization than formerly. The Democrats held their Convention earlier than the Republicans, and seized on the question of tax reform and equal taxation as an issue in the State. They nominated for Governor Charles C. Black, of Jersey City, a well-known lawyer and a member of the Tax Commission, to which position he had been appointed by the Republican Executive, Governor Murphy. It is expected that Mr. Black will sweep Hudson County, in which is situated Jersey City, which has been the chief sufferer from unequal taxation, by a large majority. The Republicans have nominated for Governor ex-Senator Edward C. Stokes, and they have admitted the attractiveness of the Democratic issue by adopting the battle-cry as their own, while proposing to postpone any change in the tax laws until the Tax Commission's report.



**State Contests: West
Virginia, Rhode Island, etc.**

Taxation has also confounded the situation in West Virginia, another of the disputed States. There trouble for the Republican State ticket is found because of tax revision. The Republicans passed at the close of the special session of the Legislature this summer a series of tax bills which upset the laws of the State that had been in effect since the separation from Virginia. These bills had not been carefully digested, nor had the public been given a chance to examine them. The Republican speakers in some sections are promising that the Legislature at its session this winter shall repeal the laws, which do not take effect until next April. In Delaware there is only one Republican electoral ticket, but two sets of Republican candidates for Congress and State officers; and efforts to bring the Addicks and regular factions together on September 29 failed, as was fitting. We only regret that the anti-Addicks party have been unable to

unite with the Democrats in an effort to get rid permanently of Addicks and Addicksism. The Democrats of Rhode Island have renominated Governor Garvin, who created such dismay among the friends of Senator Aldrich, the Republican leader, by carrying the State in 1902. The Democrats have by no means abandoned hope of carrying the State, although they have been discouraged by a bitter factional fight in Providence, and the progress of the campaign there will be regarded with unusual interest, because the continuance of Nelson W. Aldrich in the United States Senate will depend on the Republicans holding the Legislature. Going further afield, it is found that the campaign in Michigan is largely on State lines, but no situation has developed which will involve the National ticket. The Democrats, however, claim that the State is doubtful for both the State and National tickets. The nomination in Colorado of Governor Peabody for a second term by the Republican party squarely raises the issue involved in the labor troubles, and it is being as directly met. The action of the opponents of Governor Peabody and the President in printing a fictitious letter, to which Mr. Roosevelt's name had been forged, will not help the Democrats, who have been seeking to show that the President, in deciding not to send Federal troops to the mines, was indifferent to the interests of labor. Owners of property in Colorado express alarm at the prospects should Governor Peabody be rejected at the polls. On the other hand, the Democrats hold that the lawless expulsion of men from the State should be rebuked. In the State of Washington there is a railroad issue which is adding interest to the campaign, and ex-Senator Turner, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is making a stirring canvass. There is not even a claim by the Democrats that Washington or any other State on the Pacific slope will waver in its Republicanism so far as the National ticket is concerned. Thomas E. Watson, the Populist candidate for President, and Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate, are both attracting attention. It is asserted, with some evidence to back it up, that Republicans are aid-

ing Watson in getting signatures so that he can get his electors on the ballot in New York State. This means that the Republicans expect him to draw from the Democratic vote. Debs is making an active campaign in the middle West, and purposes going on a speaking tour extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is believed by those who have examined voting conditions that the Socialist vote will largely exceed that of any previous campaign. Judge Parker is now actually in charge of his own canvass. He has accomplished much in harmonizing his party, and, despite the denials, it is reported that in the closing weeks of the campaign he will appear in public and make some speeches.



A Significant
Address on the
Race Question

Those who know how difficult it is to secure an audience in New York City, especially in the month of September, will realize that the great congregation which filled St. Thomas's large church to the doors on the evening of September 28 afforded a striking evidence of the popular interest in the race problem and the real desire of the people to get light upon it when it is treated, not from a doctrinaire point of view, but by those who really know the conditions as they exist at the present day in the Southern States. All the speakers had such first-hand knowledge: the Rev. Robert Strange, D.D., of Richmond, Virginia; Ernest Hamlin Abbott, of The Outlook; Edgar Gardner Murphy, of the Southern Education Board, and Booker T. Washington. We wish that Dr. Strange could deliver his stirring address in every city in the North, for it would do much to dissipate Northern prejudice and give to the people of that section a better understanding of the spirit of their Southern fellow-citizens than is given by the daily press. He recognized, as did Dr. Washington after him, the distinction between the Old South and the New South. Speaking as the representative of the New South, he made very clearly and explicitly four points on which he placed equal insistence: (1) That there should be no amalgamation between the races, and

that to prevent the possible danger of this the social separation between them should be sacredly maintained in the interest of both races—and this involves separate schools and separate churches. (2) That the rights of person and property should be protected, and the blacks should stand equal before the law with their white fellow-citizens. His condemnation of mob violence was vigorous and unqualified. (3) That the school funds should be divided between the races in proportion to the population and not in proportion to their contributions to the taxes, and that the negro should have equal educational advantages—he did not say the same education—with the white population. (4) That they should be equal at the ballot-box; that suffrage should be conditioned upon character, not upon race; and he affirmed, as The Outlook has often affirmed, that the recent amendments to the Southern Constitutions are a witness to the awakened and dominant conscience of the best element in the South, determined to exclude the ignorant, immoral elements in the population from political control, and to do this by legal and legitimate methods. The fact that Dr. Strange has just been elected Bishop Coadjutor for Eastern North Carolina affords a significant indication that he has a right to speak for the better element in the South.



**Judge Gray's
Decision**

One of the most important points in the agreement between the coal operators and the miners, reached through the Anthracite Strike Commission appointed by President Roosevelt, related to the appointment from the ranks of the miners of check weighmen and docking bosses. The Commission declared in very forcible words that if the miners were to be paid by a system of measurement, they should have a representative present when the measuring was done. It was equally fair, the Commission held, that the men themselves should pay the salary of this representative. There has been since the general settlement of the anthracite coal strike difficulty not a little trouble on this point. The miners declare that the operators have not joined in carrying

out these provisions and have willfully put obstacles in the way of its practical working. The particular case in issue arose in the mines controlled by the Ontario and Western Railway Company, and at one time a serious strike was feared. The operators took the position that before the pay of the check weighmen could be collected proportionately from the earnings of the men there must be an assignment from these earnings for that purpose, and that the contribution could be collected only from those miners who individually consented to be assessed. Judge Gray entirely rejects this position, and says that "not only would such a situation be unequal and unfair to a majority of the miners, but it would neutralize the moral effect sought to be attained by the Commission in allaying the discontent, suspicion, and bad feeling recognized as the result of the one-sided method of keeping the miners' accounts, by engendering bitterness of feeling and unfriendly relations among the miners themselves." Judge Gray's decision not only declares that no assignment of earnings for the specific purpose is necessary, but holds that check weighmen and check docking bosses should be appointed in collieries where a majority of the contract miners petition for them; that their wages should be fixed, collected, and paid by the miners in such manner as they shall themselves decide by a majority vote; and that it is the duty of the managers of the colliery to co-operate and aid the miners in this matter. The interpretation of this section of the findings of the Anthracite Strike Commission was asked for from Judge Gray by the Conciliation Board, which had the matter before it, not as from an umpire under the provisions of the findings, but because of the voluntary and unanimous desire of the Board of Conciliation to settle the question by fair arbitration. In addition to the points decided by Judge Gray, as already stated, he held that in this particular case the claim that the finding of the Conciliation Board had been reversed by Mr. Carroll D. Wright as umpire under the plan of the Commission was not well founded, because the ques-

tion had not in point of fact been formally submitted to Mr. Wright as umpire by the Conciliation Board. It has been incorrectly reported that the non-union miners opposed collectively the appointment of the check weighmen and dock bosses. Many of them, however, were unwilling to make the assignment of wages which the managers of the collieries had, previous to this decision of Judge Gray, insisted upon as the preliminary to appointing the check weighmen. In point of fact, the finding of the Arbitration Commission did not recognize union or non-union men as such in the decision, and the awards were binding on all miners who went to work after the settlement, while it is equally true that the appointment of representatives of the men to check the measurement of their work is of equal value to all miners, whether union or non-union.



**The International Congress
of Arts and Science**

The International Congress of Arts and Science, held at St. Louis during the week ending September 24, was overwhelming in its comprehensiveness and complexity. It is not unjust to the sober intellectualism of the members of this Congress to call its most direct general consequence a sentiment. For sentiment may both quicken the seeker after knowledge and give breadth and luminousness to his work. It was such a quality of feeling that pervaded the sessions at St. Louis. Those who attended experienced not so much an extension of knowledge as a new sense of its range and possibilities. Each division of investigation met in the presence of all other divisions and was sensible of their co-operative activity. The Congress marked, as President Harper expressed it, "a stage in the progress of thinking together." Upon two occasions this general spirit of the Congress was directly manifested—at the great opening meeting in Festival Hall and at the dinner given by the President of the Exposition to the officers and speakers of the Congress. The former of these was notable for the opening address of President Simon Newcomb, and the responses of the honorary Vice-

Presidents, Sir William Ramsay for England, M. Gaston Darboux, Secretary of the Paris Academy of Sciences, for France, Professor Wilhelm Waldeyer, of Berlin, for Germany, Dr. Oscar Backlund, of the Pulkova Observatory, for Russia, Professor Theodor Escherich, of Vienna, for Austria, and Signor Attilio Brunialti, Councilor of State, for Italy. President Newcomb's address was a tribute to science and a promise of the devotion of American energy to its service, while the visiting delegates spoke with great enthusiasm of the idea of the Congress and of their personal gratification at the character of their reception. The banquet which concluded the social activities of the week was a more memorable occasion because of the greater informality and the consequent greater responsiveness of those who attended. President Francis left no doubt of the significance of the Congress from the standpoint of the Exposition when he declared the former to be the climax of the latter. The Hon. James Bryce spoke in behalf of England, Commissioner Lewald in behalf of Germany, and Professor Hozumi in behalf of Japan, and each spoke with sincere feeling of the good fellowship of all seekers after truth. Professor Hozumi, of the University of Tokyo, won reiterated and most hearty applause by the mingled pride and modesty with which he referred to the determination of his people to abate no whit of their zeal for intellectual progress on account of the engrossing responsibilities of war. The presence of Dr. Backlund, and of so many Germans and Frenchmen among his hearers, gave exceptional point to his observation that "this is perhaps the only spot in the world where the representatives of every nation may shake hands together." This idea of the comradeship of all scientifically minded men, so dramatically signalized upon these more notable occasions, pervaded the various meetings of the sections of the Congress and the more informal gatherings which intervened. It led to the forming of new friendships and the renewal of old, the reunion of European professors with their former American students, and everywhere a

cordial personal intercourse between men hitherto known to one another only through their books.



The Work of the
Congress

If we turn from the spirit of the Congress to its serious work, we are confronted with some three hundred different addresses upon topics of special theoretical and practical interest. These conformed, on the whole, to a systematic design. They dealt, in the case of each branch of science, with its historical development, its relations, and its fundamental conceptions. There was, therefore, very little exploitation of problems for technical purposes, and very little simplification of results for popular purposes. The addresses compose rather an account of stock, a report of investigators to their constituency—the intellectual public. This coherence will give a peculiar interest to the published proceedings, which will constitute a systematic record of the present moment in the development of knowledge. But both the intrinsic value of the addresses made and the spirit which pervaded the sessions were, after all, due primarily to the genuine eminence of the individuals who attended and took part in the proceedings. The Congress was a community of distinction. Nearly every session was notable for its juxtaposition of men who are acknowledged leaders. It is indeed a memorable occasion that brings together Sir William Ramsay with Professors Henri Moissary, J. H. van t'Hoff, and Arthur A. Noyes in Chemistry; Professors Langevin and Ernest Rutherford in Physics; Professors Benno Erdmann and Wilhelm Ostwald in Philosophy; Professors Hugo de Vries and Charles O. Whitman in Biology; or Professors Otto Pfleiderer, Adolf Harnack, Ernst Troetsch, and Jean Reville in the Philosophy of Religion. No addresses attracted more general attention than those of this last group. And in what they said they not only represented the progress of liberal religion, but the significance of the affiliation of religious interests with scientific interests in this Congress. It was remarkable that each of these men took

for granted the application of ordinary methods of historical research to the development of Christianity. Religion, as historical, cannot be sundered from any so-called secular history. But this affiliation with other social powers, economic and political, is not to mean its reduction thereto, for the significance of a religion must be appreciated on its own grounds, through a sympathetic understanding of the believer's attitude of faith. Hence, as Professor Harnack most happily expressed it, "religion has secrets, but no mysteries." And this idea conveys the meaning and the immediate value of the Congress—a mutual sympathy and respect among independent investigators and a general subscription to the creed of intellectual straightforwardness and high endeavor. And if the Congress means this within the realm of practical and theoretical idealism, for the world at large it means the special celebration of that realm—a memorable testimony in behalf of the patient and disinterested intellectual enterprise upon which the visible superstructure of civilization is founded.



Triennial Convention
of the
Protestant Episcopal Church

Distinctively a legislative body, the General Convention which met in Boston on Wednesday of this week addresses itself to the settlement of several questions of great general interest as well as to the development of its own organism by the completion of the revision of its constitutions and canons, the work of several successive Conventions. The public will be chiefly concerned with its attempt to enact that new and stringent canon on marriage and divorce which has so far failed to secure the approval of the Church. The proposed canon forbids the clergy to remarry any person, innocent or guilty, divorced for any cause occurring after marriage, during the lifetime of the other party, and is not approved by those who maintain that the Church, in limiting the freedom of its members, should not be stricter than the words of Christ require. Since the Convention in San Francisco, however, opinion has been growing in favor

of the stringent canon, and many dioceses have declared in its favor. In order to become law, it must be carried by concurrent action of both the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. There are some ninety bishops in the upper house, while the House of Deputies numbers 542 members, clerical and lay, who represent fifty dioceses and thirty-one missionary districts, ten of which are foreign and twenty-one domestic. This legislative body is too large for speedy and effective action. Discussion which would in a smaller body result in conclusive action brings often only the verdict, "Inexpedient at this time." The proposed Provincial System would group dioceses, either on State or sectional lines, to accord with ancient custom and to meet modern needs. Each province would legislate concerning matters common to its allied dioceses. Much business now coming before the General Convention would be disposed of thus, and the unit of representation being the Province, Convention membership would be greatly reduced. Allied questions to be considered are a judicial system and courts of appeal for the clergy. An appeal for liberty to use in the churches the revised version of the Scriptures, originating in Massachusetts and California, has increased in insistence, and will be pressed until granted. A new missionary canon, which seeks to affiliate more closely the General Convention with mission work, will be discussed, and the missionary bishops, speaking to the Convention sitting as a board of missions, will advance its interests. Shall the presiding bishop rule, as heretofore, by virtue of his seniority in office, or shall he be elected by the General Convention? The venerable Bishop Clark is now succeeded by Bishop Tuttle, who remains presiding bishop until this question is settled. The presidency of the House of Deputies, already elective, left vacant by the death of Dr. Lindsay, will, it is hoped, be at least temporarily resumed by the Rev. Dr. Dix. A request that separate bishops be appointed for the negro race will open discussion as to the development of religious work in the South, and a

canon seeking to exclude any person from preaching "without producing sufficient evidence of his having been duly authorized to minister in this Church" will provoke opposition, as it runs counter to the increasing spirit of catholic liberty in the Church, would prove a real impediment to a growing harmony among Christian people, and would exclude even her own laymen from speaking at the regular services of the Church.



An American Impressionist

Lafcadio Hearn, who died in Tokyo late in September, represented in an extraordinary way the intermixture and confluence of races. His father was an Irishman and his mother a Greek; he was born in Santa Mauro; passed his early life in Wales, Ireland, England, and France; was educated in private schools and Roman Catholic institutions; came to this country and tried to make a living as a book agent in Cincinnati; began reading proof and writing articles for a weekly paper; later became a reporter; went to New Orleans and kept a restaurant; lived for two years in the West Indies, and in 1884 published his first book, "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature." This was followed by "Some Chinese Ghosts." In 1890 he went to Japan, where he married and became, not only in sympathy but by naturalization, a Japanese citizen—an action on his part that led to a large reduction of his salary in the Imperial University at Tokyo. His books on Japan, "Out of the East," "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Fields," "Ghostly Japan," and others, have furnished the most subtle interpretation of that country and of its people which has yet been given to the world. Mr. Hearn was not in any sense a judicial or dispassionate student of men and affairs; he was a born impressionist, peculiarly sensitive to elusive qualities in a civilization or in individuals, keenly alive to the metaphysical niceties of Japanese thought, belief, and art, seeing always the best and ignoring the shadows on the picture. His latest book, published this week, "Japan: An Interpretation," is probably the most subtle and searching explana-

tion of the qualities of the modern Japanese which has appeared. Although a voluminous writer, Mr. Hearn was a slow and careful worker. His style, which reminds one of Pierre Loti, had a much larger infusion of intellectual quality, a much more delicate spiritual divination, a subtler command of shades of meaning, than lie within the power of the French impressionist.

Sir William Harcourt

Visitors to the English House of Commons never failed to notice the great figure and striking face of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who died at his country seat near Oxford on Saturday last in his seventy-ninth year. He was of clerical antecedents, his father being a canon of the Established Church and his grandfather Archbishop of York; and the descent of the family has been traced back to the Plantagenets. Educated at Salisbury and at Trinity College, Cambridge, whence he was graduated with high honors, Sir William Harcourt entered active life as a journalist, was subsequently called to the bar, and began in 1860 a series of letters in the London "Times" on international law and public topics under the title of "Historicus" which attracted wide attention; he built up a large legal practice, but surrendered it to enter Parliament in 1868 as representative from Oxford. From the beginning of his career Sir William was a Liberal of the most pronounced and uncompromising kind, and for many years he was, next after Mr. Gladstone, the best debater in the House of Commons. The announcement that he was on his feet at once emptied the lobbies and filled the House. His debating qualities secured him early in his career the position of Solicitor-General at the hands of Mr. Gladstone, and in 1880 that statesman made him Home Secretary. When the Liberal party was divided over the Home Rule question in 1886, and Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and many other leaders of eminence separated themselves from Mr. Gladstone, Sir William remained faithful and became, next to Mr. Gladstone, the foremost man in the Liberal group. It was largely due to him that the Liberals

regained office in 1892. During Mr. Gladstone's third administration Sir William was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, in the nature of things, ought to have succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Premier. It was natural that he should resent the selection of Lord Rosebery to fill that position, and that there should have been in the succeeding years decided friction between the two leaders. Sir William remained the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons until six years ago, when he gave way to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a more discreet but a distinctly inferior Parliamentary leader. In spite of his family connections, Sir William was essentially a self-made man; and his success at the university, in professional, Parliamentary, platform, and literary work, was achieved with very little aid from others. He had small respect for the men who simply enjoy what has been prepared for them, and was sometimes arrogant in his attitude toward his associates who owed their position entirely to the work of their ancestors. On the other hand, he was very accessible to and very sympathetic with men who were trying to make their way. He was a merciless critic of the party in power; and while he did not belong in the first rank of statesmen, he must be assigned a foremost place in the rank just below them. Many men of far less ability have been Premiers of England. He was not a great orator, as was Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright, but the House of Commons has known no more quick-witted, incisive, and successful debater; he was not a great party leader, for he lacked patience and tact; but on critical days, when the fate of the party hung in the balance, he became its standard-bearer, and the nominal leader for the moment disappeared in the ranks. He was a valiant fighter, who took blows as bravely as he gave them, was loyal to all the interests which he espoused, and was absolutely without fear.

Neither at Mukden nor at Port Arthur was there any decisive movement last week, although the indications are that a crisis is approaching in both quarters. The

The War in the East

Japanese have captured the Da Pass and minor passes lying to the southeast of Mukden, and appear to be strengthening their wings both on the east and west, no doubt with the intention of beginning another great flanking movement about either the Russian left or right position. It continues to be believed that the Russians will not make strong resistance at Mukden, but will retire to the Tie Pass. The situation in Manchuria depends so fundamentally upon the relative strength of the two armies that all information on this point is vital, yet in point of fact the wildest discrepancies exist in military opinions as to the numbers. A very careful estimate made by Mr. Thomas F. Millard, an American war correspondent who has given special study to the operation of the Siberian Railroad, leads to the conclusion that the Russians cannot have had more than 120,000 men in actual battle array at Liaoyang. This is a much smaller number than was credited to the Russians in all the despatches, and supports the theory that General Kuropatkin was partially enveloped by General Kuroki simply because of the inevitable pressure of superior forces. The announcement is made from St. Petersburg that a second complete and separate army will be formed and placed under the command of General Gripenberg, who will have the same independence of action as General Kuropatkin has had. This new army is estimated at two hundred thousand men at least. It has been rumored that the Grand Duke Nicholas will have supreme command of the two armies, and that he will be supported by a military council to supply whatever deficiencies the imperial commander may develop. It would take at least six months to place this army in the field by bringing it over the Siberian Railroad, even if that railroad were not in part occupied with the transportation of supplies and reinforcements needed to keep General Kuropatkin's force as strong as it is now. The capacity of the railway will be somewhat increased, however, by the opening of the branch line around Lake Baikal, reported last week. At Port Arthur

General Stoessel continues to make a brave defense, and so far has succeeded in preventing the Japanese from occupying any of those forts in the outer circle the possession of which might result in the immediate destruction of the inner defenses. The indications, however, seem to be that the intrepid garrison is coming to the end of its resources; the Japanese are making a much closer blockade of the place by sea than has heretofore existed, and both military supplies and provisions are probably nearly exhausted. It is considered almost certain that the Russian ships at Port Arthur will make another dash out of the harbor before long, probably with the intention of evading, if possible, the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo, or at least of saving some of the vessels by a policy of separate flight, each ship to make its own way either to Vladivostok or to a neutral harbor. It is again semi-officially reported, but not generally believed, that the Russian Baltic fleet is about to sail for the East; it is now at Reval.



**Vesuvius
in Eruption** The recent volcanic activity of Vesuvius has had the rather singular effect of attracting to its vicinity crowds of sight-seers and tourists. Fear would seem to be a less potent motive than curiosity, for whenever Vesuvius begins to throw out fire and lava, the guards on the mountain have to exercise constant vigilance to keep foolhardy people out of the zone of danger. Naples itself, with its half-million of people, is but eight miles distant, but it does not lie in the probable track of any eruptive flow; while the people of the villages nearer the volcano are, in a degree, inured to danger, and confident that what has not happened for centuries is not likely to happen in their time. The recent violent explosions and brilliant shooting forth of fire are described as affording a most imposing spectacle. The crust around the crater has been broken away; the shakings and rumblings have been so tremendous that it seemed as if the mountain would be rent; and a single rock of two tons weight was thrown to a great distance. The

flow of lava, heated to perhaps 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, has melted even the steel rails of the funicular railroad running to the base of the cone. Yet the director of the Vesuvius Observatory has stood at his post throughout these threatening phenomena, recording them for the sake of science pure and simple, and accumulating important data for the world's knowledge of seismics. Vesuvius has been intermittently active during the last half-century, some seven or eight notable eruptions having taken place since 1855, while previous to this only ten extensive outbursts are recorded as having taken place since the historic eruption of 79 A.D., which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum. Before that tremendous cataclysm Vesuvius was not even regarded as of volcanic origin.



Inoculating the Ground

In the whole history of agricultural science there is nothing that illustrates the power of mind over matter more forcibly than the discovery most graphically described under the above title in the current "Century Magazine." In its present practical form this method of making arid land fertile is the invention of Dr. George T. Moore, of the United States Department of Agriculture, to whose honor it is recorded that he first patented his discovery in order to protect it, and then deeded the patent to the Department in trust for the people, so that all might freely use it. Briefly described, this inoculation is a way of putting into the soil the nitrogen of the air. When soil is "worn out," it is because it has lost its plant-food, nitrogen. Fertilizing in the ordinary, expensive methods adds new nitrogen. But *why* is it that certain crops "enrich" the soil, while others exhaust it? *why* is it that a rotation of crops improves the soil, as every farmer knows?—this, indeed, was a commonplace of agricultural lore when Virgil wrote his "Bucolics," but the *reason* of it has not been understood. Some years ago a German chemist discovered that a certain class of plants—peas, beans, clover, alfalfa, lupin, vetch, and the like—gained nitrogen food, not only from the earth, but from the air,

seven-tenths of which is pure nitrogen. This takes place in a curious way: the plants have on their roots nodules or tubercles, varying in size from a pin-head to a potato; these growths, long regarded as useless excrescences, are in fact made up of millions of bacteria, and it is their singular function to absorb nitrogen from the air and convert it into plant food. Thus, a field planted with alfalfa may not only yield a good crop when the soil itself is lacking in nitrogen, but after the crop is gathered there may actually be left more nitrogen in the soil than it had before. Now, what Dr. Moore has found is a way of cultivating and strengthening these nitrogen-absorbing bacteria, until he has developed a type of hungry germs with five or even ten times the capacity of their ancestors. Moreover, plants exposed to these improved bacteria develop larger tubercles, drink in great draughts of nitrogen from the air, and prosper exceedingly. The farmer gets the bacteria in convenient form from the Department of Agriculture, soaks his seed in a dilution, or "inoculates" the soil by mixing the solution with earth and spreading it over the soil and harrowing it in. Of course the process is applicable only to plants of the class named above, not to grain or other non-leguminous crops; of course, also, the process is useless in soil already well supplied with nitrogen. The results have been in many cases amazing, as is shown conclusively by photographic evidence in the article in the "Century." Its author, Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, for instance, puts side by side pictures of two specimens of alfalfa grown by a Maryland farmer—one from rich soil with untreated seed, the other from sandy upland with inoculated seed; and the latter is more than double the size of the former. Still more striking is the fact that this same Maryland farmer has redeemed by this method two-thirds of his land, previously abandoned as hopeless, and has made it more productive than the other third, increasing his total gain fivefold. The value of such a discovery is almost incalculable, and the story as told by Mr. Grosvenor seems well fortified by evidence.

Political Issues

IV.—Imperialism

Certain political writers and speakers would have us believe that the only issue between the anti-imperialists and the Republicans is, Shall we *now* promise the Filipinos their independence at an indefinite future date? or, Shall we give them their independence when the time comes without making any previous promise? If this were the question, the answer to it would not pay for the expenses of a political campaign, and it would not justify more than the languid interest which both parties appear to take in the issue of imperialism. But this is not the question; it is far different from this; it is in truth three very radical and very vital questions: (1) What is the proper construction of the Constitution? (2) What is the political nature of our country? (3) What is the basis of human government, and what rights and obligations does it involve? The first two questions may be considered together.

One theory of our Constitution is thus stated by Thomas Paine in his "Rights of Man:—" "A constitution is a thing antecedent to a government, and a government is only the creature of a constitution." On this theory the constitution is to the government which it has created what a trust deed is to the trust. The government thus created has the powers which this constitution confers upon it and no others. Like any other trust deed, this constitution is to be strictly construed. Our history affords numerous illustrations of the application of this theory. The Constitution does not in terms authorize the Government to establish a National bank, therefore the National bank is unconstitutional. It does not authorize the Government to enforce a Federal law against the protest of a State, therefore a State may nullify a Federal law. It does not authorize the Federal Government to coerce a State if the State chooses to secede, therefore the Federal Government cannot by force prevent such secession. It does not in terms give to the Government the right to acquire territory nor to govern sub-

jects who are not citizens of some State in the United States, therefore it has no such right. In short, the United States is, on this theory, not a sovereign State, but a union of sovereign States, possessing no other powers than those which are explicitly and in terms given to it by the articles of copartnership. If this argument were correct, the conclusions drawn from it by John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis, certainly the conclusions of James Buchanan, are correct, and the war for the preservation of the Union was an unconstitutional and therefore an unrighteous war.

The other theory is that the nation produces the constitution, not the constitution the nation; that whether this constitution is a document, as in America, or a tradition, as in England, it is the creature, not the creator, of the nation. In either case, those who are administering the government are limited in their powers; in the one case by the writing, in the other case by the tradition; and in the one case no more than in the other. The constitution defines the nature of the government and the functions of the officers, but it does not create the nation. The British Constitution defines the government of Great Britain as a limited monarchy; our Constitution defines our government as a federal republic. In this federal republic the rights and duties, not only of individual officers, but of the States and the Federal Government are defined. But these definitions, in so far as they limit the power of the central government, limit it only as against the States or the citizens of those States. Except for such limitations, the Nation has all the powers and prerogatives of any nation. The Nation may not disfranchise any citizen because of his race or color, not because it is not a sovereign nation, but because it has expressly limited its power in that respect. So the State may not levy customs duty on importations coming into the State, not because it is not a sovereign State, but because it has in terms limited its powers by covenanting not to levy customs duties. Except as the powers of the Nation are in terms limited, it has all the powers which ordinarily inhere in nationality. In so

far as its powers are limited, no one can plead these limitations against the Nation except those who are members of the Nation. Among the powers inherent in a nation is the power of self-preservation. Therefore, when a State attempts to secede from the Nation and so destroy it, the Nation has a right to coerce the State, not because the Constitution gives it that right, but because it is a Nation. So it has a right to acquire territory either by conquest or treaty, and, having acquired such territory, it has the right to govern the residents of this territory; and this right belongs to it, not because the Constitution confers this right, but because it is a Nation. The residents of such territory cannot claim any rights under the provisions of the Constitution, nor are they subject to the obligations imposed by the Constitution. For the Constitution has to do only with the rights and obligations between the Federal Government and the States or the citizens of the States. It has no relation to the citizens of other States who by conquest or treaty have become subject to the Nation. In its dealing with such subjects the Nation is bound by moral obligations to treat them with justice and consideration, but it is not under obligation to look to the Constitution to determine what justice and fair dealing require; and it has no right to do so. For the clauses of the Constitution were drawn only for the citizens of the Nation and are applicable only to them. Thus the Constitution forbids levying customs duties between the States; but justice might conceivably require the retention of certain customs duties between the Philippines and the United States, in order to furnish the Philippines with necessary revenue, or in order to protect the Philippines from competition with the United States. It is the Republican doctrine that the United States may acquire territory, found colonies, and govern subject peoples who are not citizens of the United States nor subject to the provisions of its Constitution, and this Republican doctrine is what the anti-imperialists call imperialism.

But the difference between the Republicans and the anti-imperialists is even

broader and deeper; it is a difference of fundamental conception concerning the nature of human government. The idea that a particular nation is created by a constitution, and has no greater powers than that constitution gives to it, grows out of the idea that all government is the product of an agreement, express or implied, entered into by the individuals who constitute the community. This idea is very clearly put by Thomas Paine in the following words (the italics are his):

The fact, therefore, must be, that the *individuals themselves*, each in his own personal and sovereign right, *entered into a compact with each other* to produce a government: and this is the only mode in which governments have a right to arise, and the only principle on which they have a right to exist.

This conception of government regards it as an artificial human production, analogous to a commercial partnership. Government thus rests upon "the consent of the governed;" and some method must be provided for ascertaining from time to time whether they consent; that method is suffrage; the suffrage, therefore, must be universal, or as nearly universal as possible; the only qualification for suffrage is that the individual be an adult of sane mind; that he is illiterate or a pauper is no reason for depriving him of the suffrage, both because that suffrage is his natural right, and also because the poorer and more ignorant and dependent he is, the more he needs the ballot for his own protection. Not all whose conception of government is founded on this theory of compact maintain all these conclusions; but all these conclusions have been deduced by its advocates from this theory of compact. The theory was borrowed in this country from France, and found here its most eminent representatives in Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine. If it be true, it is clearly wrong for America to govern the Filipinos across the sea, and equally wrong to attach educational and property qualifications to the suffrage at home, so as to deny the ballot to the ignorant and the shiftless, whether in the Southern States or in the Northern cities, whether to the incompetent negro or to the incompetent immigrant.

The other conception of government the Puritans thought they found in the Old Testament, and they brought it with them across the sea; and it underlay their endeavor to found here a theocracy. This conception regards government as a divine organism; men are born into it as they are born into the family; if they migrate, they enter the new State as a child by adoption enters a new family; just governments are not founded on the consent of the governed—the consent of the governed has little or nothing to do with the justness of the government; that government is just which conforms to the eternal laws of justice. The family is the type to which all just governments should conform, not in method, but in essential principle. All good governments are paternal governments. The first principle of a true father is to protect the persons, the property, and the reputations of his children; the second, to give them the best education which he is able to give them; the third, to train them so that they shall be able eventually to govern themselves; the fourth, in his work of protection, education, and training, to treat them all with equal consideration. That is a just government in which these principles are applied and this spirit is manifested. If this conception be correct, though might does not make right, it imposes responsibility. Those who hold this theory of government believe that it is the duty of the American government, State and Federal, to govern the ignorant, the incompetent, the untrained, for whom they have been made responsible, whether they are negroes in the South, immigrants in the North, or dependent peoples in Hawaii or the Philippines, until by education and by political training these peoples are able to govern themselves; but to govern them always without favoritism and without prejudice, and always with the purpose of making them self-governing at the earliest possible moment.

The Jeffersonian democracy is based upon the first of these two hypotheses. It assumes that all just government is founded on the consent of the governed, that its powers are limited by that consent, that therefore the Federal Govern-

ment has no greater powers than those given to it by the expression of that consent—the Constitution of the United States—and no powers whatever over a people who have not adopted that Constitution as their own. But though the Democratic party was historically founded upon this theory, the Democratic party no longer accepts and acts upon it. The Southern States have suffered such miseries from the application of this compact theory of government, with its attendant universal suffrage, that they repudiate it with vehemence at home, though they have not yet escaped from the effect of their traditional Jeffersonianism in considering the duty of their country to the ignorant and untrained abroad. It is also true that while the Republican party accepts and acts upon the second or Puritan conception of government in the Philippines, some of its leading representatives are loth to assent to its adoption at home. Such are the inconsistencies of political parties. If government rests upon the consent of the governed, and suffrage is a natural right, then the Americans ought to sail away from the Philippines and leave the Filipinos to work out their own destiny as best they can; but then, also, the South ought to repeal all the recent amendments to Southern constitutions and restore universal suffrage in the Southern States. If, on the other hand, government is a divine organism, if it is the duty of the wise and strong to govern the ignorant and the weak until they can be trained to govern themselves, then the Americans ought to carry on the present processes of intellectual education and political training in the Philippines until the Filipinos are ready for self-government; but then, also, we of the North ought to give to the Southern people our hearty sympathy and our financial support in their endeavor to limit the suffrage to men of property and education, that the men who are not yet competent either to support or to govern themselves may be wisely governed until they can be trained to self-government.

Despite the inconsistencies of both parties, in our judgment he who holds the compact theory of government belongs in this issue with the Democratic party; he who holds to the Puritan or

federal theory of government, as we have outlined it above, belongs in this issue with the Republican party. For the real issue between the two parties is not, Ought we now to promise the Filipinos independence? but, What, constitutionally and ethically, are the co-relative rights and duties of our Government toward an undeveloped people who have become subject to our sovereignty?



Senator Hoar

The Outlook has so recently (February 6) given to its readers an outline of Senator Hoar's life and character etched from his own autobiography that here we seek only to pay a tribute to his memory.

The common newspaper sneer at politicians is the product of a shallow cynicism by men who choose to forget that Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, De Witt Clinton, Abraham Lincoln, Salmon P. Chase, were all politicians; that to politicians we owe the formation of the Federal Constitution, the Louisiana purchase, the construction of the Erie Canal, the emancipation of the slaves, the National banking currency. Such a politician was Senator Hoar; for though he had not the rare genius which entitles him to rank with the greatest statesmen of his country, he had the character which ranks him with the purest. No man can pass through the political controversies in which he was engaged without being subject to abuse; but no honest opponent ever suspected him of employing, countenancing, or condoning corrupt methods in public life. He did not pull wires, or manage political machinery for personal or factional ends, or buy the favor of local leaders by distributing political patronage, or curry popular approval by reflecting popular prejudices or concealing unpopular personal convictions. Throughout his career he was equally loyal to the truth as he saw it and to his party—a double loyalty difficult to maintain without being charged with disloyalty to either principle or party. Such charges were often brought against him, but they never found credence with the people.

He would as soon have thought of leaving America because it adopted a Democratic policy in 1884 as of leaving the Republican party because it declared war against Spain in 1898. He had convictions and the courage of them, dared to condemn Republican policies while continuing to be a Republican, and refused to leave his party or to allow party organs to read him out of it. In short, he preferred independence in his party to independence of his party, and was always and at the same time both an Independent and a Stalwart Republican.

He was elected Representative to Congress in 1869, and thus, at the commencement of his public career, inherited both the traditions and the principles of the generation which had fought the war for the preservation of the Union and the emancipation of the slave. Thus to the sacredness of the Nation and the liberty of the individual he was from the beginning passionately devoted. Politics was a religion to him, because politics was a sphere in which the noblest service could be rendered to his fellow-men, and his religion included an "enthusiasm for humanity." When, therefore, he thought that the Republican party was attacking the sacred right of a nation to maintain its nationality and the sacred right of men to be free, he fought, though still remaining within his party, against its policy with the same devotion which he showed when the nationality of America was threatened and liberty was denied to men on American soil. If The Outlook had believed, as he did, that the Filipinos were a nation and that the independence of that nation would secure liberty to that people, it would have fought by his side. It was because we believed and still believe that the Filipinos were not a nation, and that independence meant for them, not liberty, but the destruction of their liberties, that we opposed and still oppose independence for them. We do not reopen the issue now to rediscuss it at his grave. We only wish to make clear to our readers that, while we differ from his interpretation of the events of current history, we reverence his unselfish devo-

tion to the interests of his fellow-men of a different race and a different land, and admire the courage with which he maintained his faith in the face of a hostile majority in his own party.

The lesson of his life to Young America appears to us to be this: If you wish to succeed in politics, you must dare to fail. Select the party you will work with, then work with it as best you can. Let not its departures from your understanding of the truth shake your allegiance to it. But never join in such departures, and never by your silence acquiesce in them. Be true to your party, but never be false to yourself. Never surrender a principle; never purchase success by a false speech or a compromising silence. Dare to be a political heretic; but do not excommunicate yourself from your party because you are a heretic. Friend and foe united to honor Senator Hoar. They may not so unite to honor you. You may lack his genius; the times may be unpropitious. But if you do not win the plaudits of your fellow-men, you will not deserve their hisses; and if you are not elected to office by their suffrages, you will be proclaimed a man by your own conscience.



Slaughter by Accident

The frightful increase in the number of casualties of all kinds in this country during the last two or three years is becoming a matter of the first importance. A greater number of people are killed every year by so-called accidents than are killed in many wars of considerable magnitude; it is becoming as perilous to live in the United States as to participate in actual warfare. The columns of the newspapers are filled day after day with reports of death and injury inflicted in every possible way. Not many months ago some timber fell from a freight train on the track of the Baltimore and Ohio road; an express train following a few minutes later was derailed, with frightful massacre of the occupants of the train. Last week, in a town near Boston, a trolley-car exploded a box of dynamite which had been dropped from a wagon on the track. In

another part of the country, about the same time, a man driving a large load of dynamite became panic-stricken at a railroad crossing on the approach of a train and deserted his wagon, with a result terribly destructive to life and property. In July nearly one hundred persons were killed in a railroad accident in St. Louis, and in another on the Greenwood branch of the Erie road not far from New York. A cloudburst in August carried away a bridge near Pueblo, Colorado, and one hundred people were massacred. Within a month a bridge was carried away on a railroad in South Carolina and half a dozen passengers fatally injured. A few miles east of Knoxville, two weeks ago, two trains came into collision and sixty-six persons were killed. On the New York Central, one of the most carefully managed roads in the country, three parlor cars attached to an express train were derailed with slight injury, but were promptly crushed by an incoming freight train, with several fatalities. Week before last a special train which was carrying the Archbishop of Canterbury to Washington narrowly escaped destruction in Massachusetts, and another special train carrying the President of the United States narrowly escaped a serious accident near Baltimore. In the early summer the General Slocum went down with nearly one thousand passengers, chiefly women and children; still earlier the Darlington apartment-house fell into the street and crushed a number of people. These are but a few examples of the slaughter in every part of the country. To these larger accidents must be added the daily destruction of life by cable-cars, by the fall of elevators, and by reckless and incompetent drivers of automobiles.

The statistics of mortality from these sources ought to be collected in order that the people of the United States may face the situation and understand how cheap human life has become under American conditions. Much of this mortality is due to greed, to the desire to put buildings into use at the lowest possible expense and within the shortest possible period of time. Haste, inferior materials, and shoddy construction in building are responsible not only for the

loss of life, but also for waste of capital through fire. Nothing shows more strikingly the lack of a certain kind of business sagacity among Americans than the ignorance which permits of the destruction of an appreciable percentage of the capital of the country every year by fire. A comparison of the losses by fire between this country and any foreign country would open the eyes of the American people to the stupidity of disregarding the fundamental laws of construction. Any comparison of conditions between this country and foreign countries must, of course, take many things into account or it will be entirely misleading. There is nearly as much railroad mileage in the United States, for instance, as in all Europe. The settlement of a comparatively small country in a period of a thousand years is a very different matter from the settlement of a continent in a period, so far as the greater part of the country is concerned, of fifty or one hundred years. But this preliminary work has been done; it is time that Americans began to build with reference to the future and with reference to safety. The slaughter on the railroads, once due to cheap construction, is now largely due, it may be suspected, to the overtaxing of the facilities of railroads and the strength of their employees, and to the general endeavor to do more than can safely be done within a given period of time for a given amount of money. Railroads are run, not only for the benefit of their stockholders, but also for the safety of the public; and there must be more regard for human life in railroad management. Rapidity of movement which saves an hour or two in a long journey is desirable, but it is equally desirable that the traveler should arrive at the end of his journey, and not become a part of an undistinguishable mass of human and material wreckage at some point on the way. Automobile accidents are largely due to the general recklessness which permits any one without training to drive one of these powerful and dangerous machines along the public highways. No one ought to be permitted, and in time no one will be permitted, to handle an automobile without an engineer's certificate.

It is high time to throw off the National apathy in regard to these matters. One of the ends of life is to live; Americans sometimes forget this fundamental truth.



Liturgy for Non-Liturgical Churches

One of the important subjects to be brought before the approaching National Congregational Council is that of the enrichment of worship. The worship of the Congregational churches surely needs enrichment. It also needs unification. At present the only thing a person can be sure of in going to a Congregational church is that the order of service will be different from that of any other Congregational church he ever attended. Some general agreement would not only be a convenience to exchanging ministers, who now find their devotional mood interfered with by the necessity of studying an order which is put into their hands after they enter the pulpit; it would also be grateful to the laity, whose devotions are liable to be interfered with by sudden surprises.

Churches, like individuals, have the defects of their qualities. One virtue of Congregationalism is its tendency to develop a spirit of independence and of initiation. But this spirit carried to excess may as truly be a bar to progress as excessive veneration for traditions. For since true progress is an evolution for the future from the past, he who breaks with the past is no less a foe to progress than he who refuses to go forward into the future. A liturgy must be a growth; that is, it must be developed out of past liturgies, not created out of nothing by an ecclesiastical fiat. Dr. Hungerford, of Vermont, published last year "The Common Order of Morning Worship," which, because it is an adaptation of past liturgies for present Congregational use, well deserves the consideration of the Council and of the Congregational churches. Dr. Hungerford has been a close student for nearly a score of years of liturgies—Roman Catholic and Protestant, ancient and modern. The Orders of Service which

he has prepared have been approved by a local conference of Congregational churches in Vermont, and have therefore had the advantage of some trial. And, what is perhaps still more important, these orders are based on the Order in the Book of Common Prayer, which itself is a growth, not a manufacture. Founded on mediæval liturgies, modified by a process of gradual revision lasting for over a century, and tested since the last revision by nearly two centuries and a half of profitable use, this Order is immeasurably better than any one which can be manufactured by either single pastors or a committee of pastors, except as they take this Order as a basis and modify it for the purpose of bringing it into harmony with Congregational needs.

There is another and by no means inconsiderable advantage in adopting the Order of the Book of Common Prayer as a basis for any orders recommended to the Congregational churches. The use of the same symbol or similar symbols in worship is of no slight value in promoting Church unity. A common expression not only symbolizes, it promotes, a common life. As the modern custom in nearly all Protestant churches of using indiscriminately hymns written by Calvinists and Arminians, by Roman Catholics and Unitarians, has done much to dissipate the bitter hostility which once prevailed between these branches of the Christian Church, so the use of a common order would do much to emphasize existing unity and promote its future development. We are less likely to fight one another after we have sung together, and still less likely after we have prayed together.

For these reasons The Outlook expresses the earnest hope that the Congregational Council, when it convenes, will take such action as will put before the Congregational churches, for their approval and adoption, some Orders of Service based on the Order of the Book of Common Prayer; and for this purpose we do not think they can easily find a better guide than that which is furnished by Dr. Hungerford's Common Order of Morning Worship. This book is not sufficient for the needs

of the non-liturgical churches, because it contains only orders for morning service, and also because it contains none simple enough for the use of a church which has no choir, and no other organ than a simple reed instrument. But it may be cordially commended to the considerate judgment, not only of the National Council and its present or any prospective Committees, but also to any church or pastor considering the question what can be done to enrich the devotional service of a local church. It is to be hoped that the National Council by its wisdom may set an example which the non-liturgical churches will follow in due time.



The Peace Movement

The recent Conference of the Inter-parliamentary Union in St. Louis is followed this week by the meeting of the International Peace Congress in Boston. There is every indication of a large attendance and an enthusiastic session of the Congress; the hatred of war and the sentiment in favor of the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration, which have gained steadily for years past, have been advancing of late by leaps and bounds. Every war deepens the impression of unnecessary and inhuman waste of life and property, of violation of primary economic laws, of the blunting of moral sensibilities, of the demoralization of normal industries and conditions, and of interference with the progress of civilization by these episodes of destructive activity. The Congress opened on Sunday with services in the leading Boston churches, and a great meeting at Tremont Temple in the afternoon, addressed by leading European and American clergymen, who emphasized the duties of all churches and religious people to foster the cause of peace. On Monday the sessions of the Congress were formally opened at Tremont Temple with addresses by the city and State officials, and by Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, on behalf of the National Government. Meetings of the Congress for purposes of discussion will be held every fore-

noon during the present week, and public meetings will be held in the evenings which will discuss the various aspects of the arbitration cause.

The Congress brings together an unusual number of eminent men. Among the British representatives are the Bishop of Ripon, regarded by many as the most eloquent preacher in the Established Church; the Bishop of Hereford; Mr. Roberts and Mr. Evans, Welsh Liberals, and men of great weight in Parliament; Mr. Percy Alden, who is well known in this country as a student of social conditions and problems, who was for ten years Warden of the Mansfield House University Settlement in Bethnal Green, London, and who knows East London as thoroughly, perhaps, as any man living; Count Apponyi, President of the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies and a member of the Hague Court for Austria-Hungary; Hon. John Macdonell, of University College, London; M. Gustave Hubbard, of the French Chamber of Deputies. At the meeting in Faneuil Hall for workingmen, at which Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, presides, the programme included addresses by Mr. Burrows, of the London Social Democratic Federation; Mr. Curran, of the General Federation of English Trade-Unions; M. Claude Gignoux, of the Copartnership Societies of France, and M. Henri La Fontaine, of the Belgian Senate. Among the subjects discussed during the main sessions of the Congress are "The Work and Influence of the Hague Tribunal," "Reduction of National Armaments," "Mutual Relations of Races," various matters of international law, and a number of questions raised by the present war in the Far East. A group of distinguished women will be in attendance at the Congress, including English, German, Austrian, and Chinese representatives.

The resolutions passed by the Interparliamentary Peace Union, and presented to President Roosevelt, recall the fact that at the Hague Conference a number of questions regarding the usages of international law were left unsettled, and that a second Conference is needed in order to secure definite adjustment of

these unfinished matters, many of them of the highest importance; that a concerted effort should be made securing the adoption of arbitration between the nations represented in the Conference; that since the conclusion of the Hague Conference new questions created by new conditions, such as the use of wireless telegraphy in war, demand immediate consideration; that there is great need of a general agreement touching commodities on board neutral vessels which may be treated by belligerents as absolutely contraband, and those which should be regarded as conditionally contraband. President Roosevelt expressed the heartiest concurrence with the action of the Interparliamentary Union, and promised at an early date to issue invitations to the other nations to join in a second Congress to be held at The Hague, a suggestion which meets with the warm approval of most of the nations who will be called upon to send representatives, and with no opposition from any quarter, except possibly from Russia, where, although it is conceded that a definition of what shall be contraband of war is greatly needed, it is urged that Russia should not join in any conference until the close of the war in which she is engaged with the Japanese. The Russian press are disseminating the idea that the calling of the Conference is a cover for an attempt to bring pressure to bear on Russia, in some form, or for intervention to end the present war.

President Roosevelt is acting for the whole Nation in this matter, and no nation can take this action with greater liberty than the United States, which has stood strongly for arbitration between nations, has arbitrated some very radical differences, and has steadily set the example of endeavoring to secure international understanding concerning all disputed matters. Moreover, an American citizen has made a magnificent gift in order that a Temple of Peace may be erected in The Hague to house the tribunal, to make possible the collection of a great library of international law, and to typify to the world in artistic form the great idea which the Congress represents.

The Land of the Morning Calm

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent for The Outlook in the Far East

WHEN we returned to the Man-shu-maru, after our inspection of the Sasebo naval base, a rumor was current that Admiral Kamimura had overtaken the Vladivostok squadron in the Korea Strait, and that a fight was then in progress about fifty miles off the coast. This report, however, proved to be erroneous, and at noon on the following day Captain Takarabe received permission from the Imperial headquarters to sail for Chemulpo.

We got under way at once; ran out through the fleet of transports to the end of the mountainous promontory which screens the inner harbor from the main bay, and then, turning sharply to starboard, lost sight of Sasebo almost as suddenly and completely as if it had been swallowed up in a Lisbon earthquake. The mainland seemed to thrust out a Titanic arm across the channel behind us, and, when it touched the opposite coast, it not only hid the inner harbor, but apparently closed it, so that, with the exception of a few white, triangle-crowned range-posts on shore and three or four floating torpedo targets which bore similar posts and triangles, there was nothing whatever to show—or even to suggest—that we were within pistol-shot of the most important naval station in Japan. I do not remember ever to have seen a great supply base that was more completely sheltered or more perfectly concealed.

At the narrow, strongly fortified entrance to the main bay we were joined by two long, slender, dark-gray torpedo-boats, which took positions ahead on our port and starboard bow, and escorted us across the part of the Korea Channel that was regarded as particularly dangerous. The Russian cruisers at that time were supposed to be on their way back to Vladivostok; but there is so

much mist and rain in the Korea Strait in June that it is impossible to be certain of an enemy's position, and the Japanese take no unnecessary chances. In this case, however, the apprehended danger was non-existent. We saw, now and then, suspicious clouds of coal-smoke on the horizon, but they were all rising from the funnels of peaceful transports going to or from the front; and long before we came in sight of Quelpart—the first outlying island of the Korean peninsula—the two torpedo-boats signaled "Good-by—good luck," and, wheeling about in big circles, started back, at full speed, for Sasebo, with high ripples of white foam curling away from their sharp bows.

At some time during the night we passed between Quelpart Island and the mainland, and when I went on deck, at six o'clock the next morning, we were steaming swiftly northward up the coast of Chosen—"The Land of the Morning Calm." The sun was already an hour and a half high over the purplish-blue mountains of the coast range; the smooth, flat plain of the ocean had the color of a deeply tinted aquamarine; the radiant sunshine, undimmed by moisture or haze, gave intense vividness to the fresh green of innumerable islets which rose, like grassy mounds, out of the translucent sea; and the air was so cool, pure, and invigorating that even if one had been blind it would have been a delight merely to live and breathe.

Although the strait that separates Japan from Korea is only about a hundred miles in width, the countries that it divides are surprisingly different in appearance and topography, as well as in the character of their inhabitants. Both are mountainous and both are fringed with islands, but in almost every other respect they are unlike. The mountains in Japan are extremely irregular and picturesque in form, and are either

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wooded with forests of maple, cedar, and pine, or cut into narrow, step-like terraces of cultivation. In Korea the coast mountains stand in long, wavyly serrated ranges, are almost invariably treeless, and show no signs of cultivation whatever. The whole coast of Japan is sprinkled with neat and thriving villages, while the coast of Korea, so far as one can see it from the deck of a passing steamer, is apparently uninhabited. In Japan every picturesque island, headland, or promontory is crowned with the white tower of a lighthouse, while in Korea I did not see a lighthouse between Quelpart Island and Chemulpo. Along the coast of Japan the sea is fairly whitened with the sails of enterprising fishermen, but off the western coast of Korea one sees only, now and then, a big two-masted junk, of a type that is at least three centuries old. So far as climate and fertility of soil are concerned, Korea equals and perhaps surpasses Japan; but in all the characteristics that are the outgrowth and flower of human endeavor, the "Land of Morning Calm" is ages behind its wide-awake, energetic, and progressive neighbor.

Late in the afternoon we began to see signs of near approach to Chemulpo. The color of the water changed from translucent aquamarine to a dirty greenish-yellow; shoals and the outlines of channels were marked by long, slender bamboo poles, tufted at twelve-inch intervals with wisps of black horsehair or bunches of scarlet rags; and, as we drew in toward the land, we passed, more and more frequently, clumsy Korean junks, whose crooked masts were set at divergent angles, like the sidepoles of a hay-wagon, and whose battened sails of bright orange contrasted effectively and harmoniously with the misty, grape-bloom purple of the mountainous background. Directly ahead was a grassy island, two or three hundred feet in height, crowned with a white-walled lighthouse, and in the distance beyond it we could dimly make out the junk-crowded mouth of the Han River, and the white European buildings and straw-thatched native huts of Chemulpo. A long sea-wall of stone skirted the base of the sloping hill on which the town

was situated, and outside of this wall was a very extensive flat of sedimentary mud, bestrewn with unpainted Korean junks left aground by the ebbing tide. From a distance it looked like an immense sheet of sticky fly-paper sprinkled with the bodies of incautious Oriental beetles and bugs.

At half-past six we anchored in a sort of island-sheltered roadstead a mile or more from the outer edge of the mud-flat, where we found the American cruiser Cincinnati, the British gunboat Fearless, the Italian war-ship Puiglia, and half a dozen large merchant steamers and transports. Of the town of Chemulpo we could see from our distant anchorage very little; but close at hand there was an object of much greater interest, namely, the wreck of the Russian cruiser Variag. In this wreck we were more interested than in any number of Korean towns; partly for the reason that it was a novel and unusual sight in itself, and partly because active operations were in progress for its salvage. As seen from the deck of the Manshu-maru, the dismantled hull was lying on its port side, in about forty feet of water, and looked like the half-submerged body of a big black whale. Wrecking boats, equipped with massive derricks, were moored alongside; fifteen or twenty armored divers were at work below, filling big iron buckets with coal from the cruiser's bunkers; and donkey-engines were hoisting these buckets into the air and emptying them into sampans and junks. The divers were working by the light of submerged incandescent electric burners, which irradiated dimly the gloomy recesses of the sunken hull, and as soon as it grew dark the scene of operations above water was brilliantly illuminated by means of arc lights suspended from derricks, masts, and horizontal lines of rope. In a general way, it looked from the Manshu-maru as if a party of naval surgeons were making a post-mortem examination of the body of a big stranded whale in a sort of ocean clinic lighted by electricity and attended by scores of observers in sampans and junks.

At the time of our arrival in Chemulpo work on the wrecked cruiser had been in progress for about three months.

All of her armament had been removed with the exception of two six-inch guns and two torpedoes on the port side, and the divers had taken out of her bunkers no less than nine hundred tons of coal. Owing to the fact that the launching-tubes were all filled with torpedoes when the cruiser sank, the work of dismantling the hull and getting out the armament was not only difficult but extremely hazardous. A little carelessness, the breaking of a tackle, or an accidental blow, might explode one of the torpedoes, and that would not only destroy the hull, but probably kill every diver below the surface of the water. I am quite sure that I should rather have a torpedo shot at me in a naval fight than try to get one out of its launching-tube by the dim light of an incandescent burner at a depth of thirty or forty feet in the gloomy hull of a sunken vessel. Japanese sailors, however, are not only courageous but skillful, and they succeeded in removing three torpedoes, ten big six-inch guns, and twenty-five smaller pieces of ordnance, without a serious accident of any kind. The work was greatly facilitated by the accidental discovery in one of the cabins of a complete set of plans and drawings of the Variag, showing all her compartments and the location of everything on board.

Admiral Arai, who was in charge of the work, hoped to get all the weights out of the vessel within a short time. He intended then to put her on an even keel; patch up the shot-holes in her under body; build up her sides, if necessary, so as to bring them above the surface at low tide, and finally throw the water out of her with powerful centrifugal pumps. It was his ambition, he said, not only to raise her, but to take her to Sasebo with her own engines, which he believed to be practically uninjured. The expense of the salvage operations on the Variag will be about 300,000 yen, or \$150,000, and as her batteries are in perfect order, she can probably be put in fighting trim again, in one of the Sasebo dry-docks, in less than six months, and at a comparatively small fraction of her original cost. Japan will then have another armored cruiser to replace the Yoshino.

Two or three hundred yards east of the Variag, in the direction of Chemulpo, lay the remains of the Russian transport Sungari and the gunboat Koreyets, which were sunk in the same engagement that proved fatal to the cruiser. A private wrecking company—the Mitsui Bishi—was at work on the transport, and expected to refloat her in the course of six weeks; but the gunboat had been so torn to pieces by the explosion of her magazine that she was regarded as a total and hopeless wreck. The only parts of her that showed above water were her smokestack, two davits, and the shattered remains of her bridge.

On the next day after our arrival in Chemulpo we were invited by the Japanese Consul to take tiffin with him, and shortly after noon a large steam tender, belonging to one of the Japanese navigation companies, came off to carry us ashore. Landing from a steamer in Chemulpo is an operation that has three distinct phases or stages. In the first place, you get into a launch, or tender, and proceed, in a devious course, to a point distant about one hundred yards from the mouth of the river. As the water beyond that point is too shallow for a steam vessel of any kind, you are transferred to a flat-bottomed sampan, smelling strongly of fish, in which you make the second stage of the trip. Thirty or forty feet from shore you run into a solid jam of other sampans, over which you have to hop, skip, and jump, at the risk of a broken leg, in order to reach the inclined plane of higgledy-piggledy boulders which serves the most important seaport in the empire as a pier. When you recover your breath, after this gymnastic performance, and raise your eyes from the broken mosaic of boulders, in order to see “where you’re at,” you find yourself surrounded by a dense throng of sunburned Koreans, whose white cotton garments suggest the idea that they are a lot of Oriental Millerites, or Second Adventists, who have been living in their ascension robes, for two or three months, in expectation of the Last Day. Some of them are bareheaded and have their hair twisted into a small, tight topknot, while others wear hats of stiffly starched

white gauze, shaped like a tumbler mounted bottom side up on a palm-leaf fan and tied under the chin with a white string. Some wear short cotton jackets so cut as to leave bare part of the body, while others are swathed from their necks to their heels in loose, shapeless coats, or gowns, of cotton lawn, held together in front by two buttons placed just below the right armpit. Most of the coolies are equipped with V-shaped wooden-back frames for the transportation of loads; but the gentlemen of leisure, in the long robes and tumbler-crowned gauze hats, carry folding paper fans and wave them languidly to and fro as they saunter past, or stop for a moment to gaze at the black frock-coated barbarians from the West.

Just as I thought I had learned all the peculiarities of Korean dress, I met, near the end of the pier, a man who wore on his head an inverted, scallop-edged bushel basket, which eclipsed his features as far down as the collar-bone, and made him look like a drooping, perambulating, Oriental mushroom. When I inquired what had happened to him, and why he thus hid the light of his countenance under a wickerwork candle-extinguisher, I was informed that he was in mourning. At the intersection of the next street I met three or four Korean girls, whose black hair was neatly parted in the middle, in Occidental fashion, and hung in a long braid down their backs. They, to my surprise, were completely covered from throat to heel by white cotton jackets, or waists, and loose white Turkish trousers. When I pointed them out to my guide and asked him why they did not wear the costume of the older women, he smiled courteously and said, "Those are not girls, they're boys." This convinced me that I should never come to understand the Korean philosophy of clothes.

My first impressions of Korea were chiefly visual; but long before I reached the tea-house where we were to take tiffin with the Japanese Consul, another sense became involved, and both sight and smell began to assail brain and stomach with urgent and insistent reports of foulness unspeakable in the Chemulpo environment. To one who comes fresh

from the perfect order and immaculate neatness of Japan, the choked drains, the rotting garbage, the stinking ponds, the general disorder, and the almost universal filthiness of Korea are not only surprising and disgusting, but absolutely shocking. Tourists who visit China speak of the smells in certain parts of Canton as the worst in the East; but Canton is clean and sweet in comparison with Chemulpo, Seoul, Chinampo, or Pingyang. In a walk of twenty minutes through one of the principal streets of Chemulpo I saw more filth and breathed more sickening odors of rotting garbage, excrement, and decaying animal matter than in a ride of twenty miles in a sedan chair through the narrow, crowded streets of Canton. Since the Spanish-American war, the Cuban city of Santiago, on the day after the surrender, has served me as a sort of standard of maximum filthiness; but for unnecessary and inexcusable foulness and neglect I think some parts of Chemulpo, Chinampo, and Pingyang stand disgracefully pre-eminent. My first impressions of Korea gave me a prejudice against the Koreans of which I find it extremely difficult to divest myself.

American friends who have spent in the peninsula more years than I have weeks tell me that the Korean, as a man, is intelligent, courteous, teachable, kind-hearted, and superior in many ways to the Japanese; but, in the first place, he impresses me as lacking in virility, and, in the second place, he is so abominably dirty in his personal habits and his environment that I find it almost impossible to credit him with a spark of self-respect. His apologists say that he has been crushed and disheartened by centuries of bad government. That is undoubtedly true, and it accounts for many of his weaknesses and defects; but bad government does not prevent him from cleansing his premises, nor a body of citizens from cleaning up their neighborhood. So far as my limited observation qualifies me to judge, the average town Korean spends more than half his time in idleness, and instead of cleaning up his premises in his long intervals of leisure, he sits contentedly on his threshold and smokes, or lies on the ground and

sleeps, with his nose over an open drain from which a turkey-buzzard would fly and a decent pig would turn away in disgust. The Japanese quarters in Chemulpo, Chinampo, and Seoul are as clean as they can be made without a general system of public sanitation; but the difference between these quarters and his own seems to make no impression upon the average Korean. He remains dirty either from laziness or from choice, and not from ignorance of better methods of living. The situation of Chemulpo, on a sloping hillside, with a river and a twenty-five-foot tide scouring its base, make the drainage of the town a comparatively easy matter; but until the Japanese take it in hand there seems to be little prospect of radical improvement.

It was a pleasant change from the heat, dirt, and foul smells of the Chemulpo streets to the coolness and perfect neatness of the Japanese tea-house where we were to take luncheon. The building, which stood in a grove of maples and pines, on a breezy bluff overlooking the bay, was decorated with flags in honor of our visit, and brightly-colored paper lanterns were suspended here and there from the limbs of the trees, and from a pointed arch of cord stretched over the entrance. Our shoes, which we took off at the door, were put into numbered pigeonholes in a big wooden case provided for the foot-gear of guests, and we walked, in our stocking feet, into a large, cool room, a hundred and fifty feet long by forty feet in width, carpeted with the rectangular "tatami," or elastic pads covered with finely woven greenish matting, which are universally used in Japan as a floor-covering.

A Japanese tea-house, ordinarily, is divided into a dozen or more rooms by means of sliding paper screens; but as our host had invited about a hundred guests to this luncheon, the partition screens had all been removed, so as to leave a single spacious hall with a floor area of four or five thousand square feet. On the long side of the room, facing the bay, the translucent screens of white paper which usually formed the wall had been pushed into cases at the sides, and we looked out through a con-

tinuous window, seven feet high and a hundred and fifty feet long, at the beautiful picture presented by the shipping, the blue, hazy islands, and the greenish sea. In front of this long opening there was a narrow piazza, from which one might descend into a small garden filled with red Japan lilies, rugosa roses, and fragrant pinks. The tea-house contained no furniture of any kind except an artistic Japanese water-color or two, four lines of square, flat cushions placed on the floor around the four sides of the room, and fifty or sixty small fire-boxes, each containing ignited charcoal for the lighting of cigars or cigarettes, and a tube-like section of bamboo to serve as an ash-receiver. Every man's cushion was marked by a card bearing his name, and the guests were so arranged that the foreigners were interspersed with Japanese who could speak English, German, or French. The Japanese officers and the foreign naval attachés had on undress uniforms of khaki or white duck; most of the Japanese civilians wore kimonos, and the passengers of the Manshu-maru were in the black frock-coats and waistcoats that they would have put on for an afternoon reception in Washington or New York.

At one o'clock, after half an hour of introductions and general conversation, we all took seats, with crossed legs, on our square floor cushions, and, amid a fusillade of firecrackers that filled the room with smoke, thirty geisha girls, in dove-colored silk kimonos and gorgeous waist-sashes of white, gold, scarlet, purple, and dark green, marched into the room, in single file, each holding high in air a small lacquered table, eighteen inches square, upon which had been placed the first course of the luncheon. As there were a hundred guests and only thirty waitresses, the girls had to go back and forth three or four times; but at last, when everybody had been served, the geishas, with light blue porcelain bottles of hot sake in their hands, knelt in four lines facing the guests, and the luncheon began. Upon examining my little table, which was about six inches high, I found that it held a covered bowl of black and gold lacquer containing hot fish soup; a blue porcelain plate on which

were scraps of meat, a Japanese omelet, and a cube of yellow jelly; a silver platter holding a miniature Venetian blind of glass covered with slices of raw fish; a larger silver cup containing sliced auratum lily bulbs; a blue-and-white bowl filled with pea-pods and artichokes; a shallow porcelain sake cup; and a paper sheath, decorated with a true-lover's knot in dull red, which held two slender wooden chop-sticks.

It would be the proper thing, I thought, to begin with the fish soup; but whether Japanese table etiquette at a formal entertainment of this kind would permit me to drink it out of the bowl or not I didn't know. There were no spoons, and I certainly couldn't eat thin soup with chop-sticks. While waiting for enlightenment on this point, I surreptitiously fished out a slice of lily bulb with my thumb and one chop-stick, and watched observantly the proceedings of my Japanese neighbors. They had begun with the raw fish, which they were dipping into vinegar and transferring to their mouths without the slightest difficulty; but when, after repeated failures, I succeeded in impaling a slice on one chop-stick, I dropped it into the vinegar cup and couldn't get it out. After trying to take a pinch of jelly with those wobbly sticks, and making a futile effort to harpoon the omelet, I turned my attention to the pea-pods and artichokes. I got one pod balanced on the ends of the two sticks, and had just opened my mouth to receive it when it dropped into my lap—at which my geisha girl gulped down a smile and held out the sake bottle. I was ready, by that time, to try anything that didn't have to be picked up with sticks; so I took a swallow of hot sake, which tasted like an indifferent grade of boiled sherry, and shamelessly helped myself to a slice of raw fish with my fingers. Noticing my embarrassment, my nearest Japanese neighbor tried to show me how to hold the sticks so that they wouldn't wobble; but the ends persisted in slipping past each other whenever I got anything between them, and I couldn't even capture an elusive pea-pod. It was like trying to pick up marbles with a pair of greasy knitting-needles. When I finally saw a

Japanese on the other side of the room drinking his fish soup out of the bowl, the prospect of getting a little nourishment in that way gave me great encouragement. I could drink the soup, vinegar, sake, and the gravy of the artichokes without the least difficulty, and if the jelly were not too stiff I might even manage that. I had seen 'rikisha-men drink a thick, slippery preparation of sweetened gelatine out of tumblers—pushing it into their mouths with chop-sticks—and I knew exactly how it could be done. Fortunately, however, I was not compelled to resort to such desperate measures. While I was drinking my fish soup my geisha girl went out and presently returned with a good, old-fashioned American knife and fork, and never were those implements more joyfully welcomed by a hungry man in a strange land!

In the course of ten minutes all of the geisha girls went out, and, returning at short intervals, brought in successively plates of delicious fried fish; a preparation of chopped meat and potatoes that had a familiar look; shredded lobster, with a peculiar pungent sauce contained in cases of green limes; boiled rice, over which most of the Japanese poured clear yellow tea; cylindrical sweet cakes with colored frosting; Japanese beer, French champagne, and many other things that I cannot now remember. When the champagne glasses had been filled, the Japanese Consul proposed the health of his guests. Marquis Kuroda responded for the passengers of the Manshu-maru, and we all drank bumpers and shouted "Banzai!" for our host, for the Japanese citizens of Chemulpo, and for the great island empire of Nippon.

At the conclusion of the speeches the proceedings took a more informal character. Half a dozen geisha girls, with long-necked, square-bodied samisens, stationed themselves on the piazza and began picking the strings of their instruments with chisel-shaped ivory plectrums, while two others took positions on the floor, between the lines of guests, and gesticulated languidly with paper fans as they threw themselves into a series of slowly shifting postures which, to the

Occidental eye, had no understandable meaning, and which certainly bore no traceable relation to the unmelodious music. It was not dancing in our sense of the word, nor was it pantomimic acting; it was a sort of slow attitudinizing—if I may use that form of expression—accompanied by graceful but apparently aimless gesticulation.

Between the dances the Japanese guests began the interchange of visits which is a characteristic feature of every Japanese luncheon or dinner that I have yet attended. A man leaves his seat, crosses the room to the seat of some friend, kneels in front of the latter, bows low, and then sits back on his heels while the friend rinses out his own sake-cup in a large bowl of water, asks his geisha girl to fill it, and then offers it to the visiting guest. The guest drinks the sake, rinses out the cup again, and, after getting it refilled, presents it to the host whom he has come to visit. It is a curious fact that this custom of rinsing out a sake-cup and drinking from it by turns, as an expression of friendliness,

originated in Korea and is at least two thousand years old. The Japanese learned it from the Koreans in prehistoric times, and now, after the lapse of two millenniums, they have brought it back to the very country where it was first practiced. After thus drinking by turns out of the same cup, the two friends chat for a few moments, and then the guest goes away to visit somebody else, and repeats, in another part of the room, the same ceremony.

Late in the afternoon we bade our host and our luncheon companions good-by, ran again the gauntlet of disagreeable sights and worse smells between the tea-house and the pier, stumbled down the shattered mosaic of rough boulders through a crowd of white-robed coolies, bare-breasted women, and mushroom-headed mourners, to the water's edge, clambered over six dirty sampans in order to get into the seventh, gained at last the deck of the steam tender, and were carried out by a swiftly ebbing tide to the Manshu-maru.

Chinampo, Korea.

The Armenian Uprising

By Louise Seymour Houghton

IN the desperation of her present plight Armenia refuses longer to see her daughters humiliated without a protest so loud, so startling, that it must cause the ears of Christendom to tingle. Her sons are in insurrection, vowed to a resistance which as to its immediate purpose they know to be futile, though they cherish the confident hope that the sacrifice of their lives for the honor of their mothers and sisters will arouse Christian Europe to pronounce, in a voice that admits of no appeal, that a Christian people shall not be done to death upon the altar of such a sacrifice.

This brotherhood of insurrection, the Fedais, has not been lightly formed, nor without first exhausting every other hope of saving the Armenian people. For ten years the young men of Armenia have been endeavoring by every means to keep alive in the mind of the Christian

nations the horrors of 1894 and the succeeding years, and the certainty that the cessation of cruelty was only a pause to see what Europe would do. That pause was certain to be ended as soon as the Porte should be convinced that Europe would do nothing, and apparently it is now so convinced. Why not, then, that insurrection which is the last hope of patriots?

Even before the atrocities of 1894, the Armenians in Europe made an appeal to the imagination of Christendom, by celebrating in that sepulcher of kings, the Church of St. Denis, the five hundredth anniversary of the death of their last king, Levon VI., captured by the Moslems in 1493, and sent to Paris to die. Thus, these Armenians trusted, they might "revive the hope of the nation that the salvation of our people would come out of the west." Pathetic hope, how cruelly deceived!

Yet that hope has never slumbered nor ceased to animate action. In 1895, while yet Armenian villages were in flames and Armenian women and girls suffering nameless tortures, the society of the Friends of Armenia was formed in Boston, to be, thus far, a voice crying in the wilderness of American indifference. A similar society was formed in England, and another, more ardent and more aggressive, in France. The last named has for four years had a newspaper, "Pro Armenia," ably edited by such men as Clémenceau and Francis de Pressensé. Since the outbreaks of the present year, M. de Pressensé in the French Chamber of Deputies and Mr. Bryce in the House of Commons have powerfully pleaded the Armenian cause. A conference of publicists was held in London last June, with delegates from France and Italy; many meetings have been held in France, and in Italy a campaign of meetings was organized. Yet what European Government takes heed?

During all these years the atrocities have never ceased, though not practiced to such an extent as to reach the deaf ears of Europe. It was when they broke out in such wise as to promise a repetition of the massacres of 1894 that the Fedais, well organized, and with their committees in London, Berlin, and Paris, entered upon open insurrection. They have appealed to the European nations which have made themselves the protectors of Armenia; they have appealed to President Roosevelt, in whose chivalrous sense of justice and of human brotherhood they have come to trust. And now they are making the last appeal left them to make, that of their dead bodies, slain with every variety of indignity and cruelty, in solemn protest against the violation of the women and the homes of Armenia; in solemn assertion of the sacred right of insurrection. Is this not something more than "a thing to admire," as M. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu said in Boston last spring?

M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, speaking in the French Chamber last July in reply to M. Francis de Pressensé's impassioned recital of the massacres of April and May, said that

the Powers cannot forbid Turkey to repress insurrection. Perhaps not, although, contradicting himself in terms, M. Delcassé deplored the acts of a government that had left its people no resource but insurrection. Admit, then, that this is insurrection. Is republican France, the heir of 1791, to condemn it? Is the France of Lafayette to refuse to lend it aid? And shall America, which annually celebrates the insurrection in whose throes she was born, stand aside and withhold an influence potent now with every nation of Europe?

Sadly enough, the appeal of Armenia is slow to reach the ears of Christendom. News travels slowly in the East, and the censorship of Turkey is as rigid as those twin brothers, terror and cruelty, can make it. Yet something of what has been going on in those mountains we may know. We may know these facts that M. Francis de Pressensé laid before the French Chamber of Deputies in July.

In late March or early April the insurrection was declared. The chiefs of the insurrection, Antranik and his confederates, were formally summoned to surrender, with promises of safety, and, having taken counsel together, they refused. Being assembled at Guellieh-Guzan, in the Taurus mountains, between Mûsh and Sassûn, they were set upon by some twenty-five thousand Kurds, later reinforced by twelve battalions of Turkish soldiers and fifteen cannon. After a heroic resistance of six days, on April 22 the insurrectionists were overpowered and cut to pieces. Then the massacre began, by methods which the pen refuses to describe. For thirty-five days the valley of Sassûn ran with blood and the plain of Mûsh was lighted with the fires of burning villages. Forty-five villages were wiped out, with every refinement of cruelty. It is estimated that three thousand persons were buried, alive or dead, in the ruins of their burning homes, and their lot may well have been deemed enviable by those who survived. Many women and children threw themselves into a chasm to escape a more horrible fate; others, seeking refuge in mountain caves, were discovered and massacred. Some eight

hundred women were carried to Mûsh and there given over to the soldiery and the Turkish police, for horrors that surpass the powers of imagination. The survivors of the massacres, having fled in four directions, were by degrees overpowered. Talori, where the inhabitants of twelve villages held out against the Kurds until May 6, fell before the onslaught of reinforcements of Turkish soldiers, and the massacre which followed exceeded in atrocity, if such a thing be possible, all that had gone before.

It was thirty-five days before a single representative of Christian Europe appeared. Then came an English Consul and a French, followed later by a Russian, charged by their Governments to make strict investigation. Their censored report admits the slaughter of five thousand Armenians. The Fedâis committee in France, with trustworthy information, puts the number at fifteen thousand, which, for forty-five villages absolutely wiped out, can hardly be an overestimate. The Governor of the district blusteringly threatens to blow up the entire mountain range of Sassûn with dynamite, a threat which shows that the terror of these events is not confined to the victims. Meanwhile search was carried on through the mountains for the Fedâist leader Antranik—unavailing, as more recent intelligence shows.

Six weeks after the massacres began, the English, French, and Russian Ambassadors presented to the Porte a formal remonstrance, seconded by the Armenian patriarch Ormanian, who bravely went to Constantinople to ask for succor. To all parties the Porte made promises, and the massacres ceased. With what sardonic patience he must have awaited the effect of the massacres upon the mind of Europe was seen when, on August 10, no further measures having been taken by the European chancelleries, the newspapers announced that insurrection had again broken out, and in consequence some dozen Armenian villages had been put to fire and sword. He must be blind indeed who cannot read between the lines of that despatch a renewed defi-

ance of Europe uttered in a renewal of such outrages as Antranik and his federated troops are sworn to avenge if they cannot prevent.

That the excitement is spreading beyond the geographic limits of Armenia is very evident, though censorship as yet withholds the facts from the public. From private but entirely unimpeachable sources the writer of this article has the following facts. Before the outbreak of the insurrection, in the autumn of last year, an Armenian elder of the native evangelical church in Beirût narrowly escaped death by the wanton act of a Moslem ruffian. He was standing with his wife and daughter upon the balcony of their house when the ruffian, standing not thirty yards away, fired with a heavy rifle. He missed his aim, yet not so seriously but that the ball passed between their heads and tore an ugly hole in the wall behind. Last October the Armenian director of the Woman's Christian Temperance reading-room in Beirût resigned his position and removed to Egypt. He had escaped with his life only in the Damascus massacre of 1860, he had again escaped massacre in Armenia in 1895, and the situation appeared to him so threatening that he was unwilling to take a third risk of massacre, even in so well protected a city as Beirût.

These events indicated what later events have shown, that Beirût is feeling the reflex influence of the attitude of the Government toward Armenia. On June 20 of this year the city barely escaped a repetition of the events of last September, which, hardly noticed in the papers, were alarming enough to those on the spot. All through June there were outbreaks, and a steady importation by Moslems of arms and ammunition. Some of these they sold to Christians, taking their own measures to rob them of their purchases. Certain out-of-town Christians having bought a stock, ruffians were hired to waylay and rob them. The Christians resisted, shot one ruffian dead, wounded another, and fled. At once there was alarm and uproar. More than a thousand armed men assembled on each side; the situation was to a high degree alarming, and an out-

break was only with difficulty suppressed by Government troops hastily called out. The whole city was in a state of tremor, and several encounters between Moslem ruffians and the soldiery were laid at the door of the Christians. It was a week before the excitement was quieted, and it is sure to recur; it may already have recurred, as the counter shock to the latest disturbances in the mountains.

That the Porte does not greatly apprehend foreign intervention may be gathered from the recent outbreak, if it had not already been evident from his putting back into their former posts the very functionaries, Zekki Pacha and Ferid Bey, who carried out the crimes of 1894-1896. The Powers, by permitting this open defiance of their command, have virtually given Turkey a mandate to proceed to the extermination of a race guilty of having survived the former massacres. Yet that the Sultan lives in a chronic state of abject terror is indisputable, and the European Powers are by so much the more guilty if they permit existing conditions to continue. The Sultan dares trust neither his own subjects nor his army, notwithstanding his precaution of admitting to the service none but Moslems. The censorship of the press is a sufficient witness to the atmosphere of suspicion in which he lives, but that exercised over the Christian press far exceeds any other, and bears witness to his perspicacity as to the real seat of danger, though not as to wise methods of averting it.

With a monarch in such a state of terror it is unthinkable that a firm attitude on the part of the Powers would not avail to save Armenia from extermination. The appointment of a Christian Governor over the province—an English writer suggests a Swiss or an American—would suffice; or there are other means known to diplomacy. The

crime of permitting these outrages to continue, the unspeakable folly of Europe if she should permit herself to be fooled a second time by promises, could be equaled only by the indescribable inhumanity of such laxity.

The time is propitious for firmness: Russia is occupied in the East, France and England have become of one mind, England is susceptible to American influence as never before, and American diplomacy is by no means indifferent. Secretary Hay's recent action implies much more than insistence upon American rights. It implies at least that America is not afraid either of Turkey or of the concert of Europe, and, if she pleases to act, will have the support of this country.

Things cannot long continue as they are; it must be either this or that. One cannot forever keep down the eruption of a volcano by sitting on the crater. When diplomacy shirks manifest duty, war inevitably ensues. And war with Turkey is something from which the boldest may well shrink. It is Israel Zangwill's belief that, if pushed to extremity, the countless millions of Islam would unite in one of the bloodiest Holy Wars in history; and even now Turkey could, if needed, bring into the field a million of the bravest and most unscrupulous soldiers in the world. It does not seem probable, however, for more is needed than an army to make a war, and precisely that "more" is what the Porte has not.

But even were this to be the event, it should not deter the Christian Powers from manifest duty. The voice of their Armenian brothers' blood cries to them from the ground, and God hears the cry if they do not. In his own time he will avenge his own elect, alike on their persecutors and on those who tamely stood by and saw them barbarously and infamously done to death,

The General Convention and Missions

By Theodore T. Munger

THE General Convention of the Episcopal Church, now being held in Boston, is drawing attention to that Church, not only because of a history reaching over centuries and laden with the riches of learning and piety, but also because of a growth that puts it along with the larger churches and—if the word is permissible—makes it their rival. Such a result is not due to its antiquity, but to the service it renders to the country through the religion it is giving to the people.

The test of this religion will embrace not only services rendered in our American world, but it will insist that it shall be true to itself in its main points. For the one thing that this Nation will not tolerate is a religion that is untrue to itself. The profoundest truth of Christianity is its *universality*. It is the religion of humanity—for all men in all the world. No Church denies this or fails to act upon it. The country has been sufficiently impressed with this conception of religion to feel that, whatever else may be denied or held, its universality must be asserted. It is a part of its democracy, and any Church that plants itself here must share in it or count itself alien to the common life of the people.

No Church in the country is less insensible to the universality of the Gospel than the Episcopal. Its coming hither bore witness to its faith that the Church was for the whole world; at least it said that wherever the people went there the Church would follow them. Long before Jonathan Edwards began to look for signs of the opening of the unevangelized world to the Gospel, Dr. Thomas Bray went to Maryland in 1700 as first commissary or assistant bishop, and devoted himself to the improvement of the colonial clergy in whose behalf he had already labored in London. At once seeing not only the great need of the clergy but of the people, he soon returned to England and by his great influence he effected in

1701 the incorporation of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." It may be rightly claimed that it was the first Protestant society organized for foreign missions, though its chief object was the training of the clergy. How thoroughly catholic it was is shown by his constantly urging "the education of negroes and clergymen."

It is also interesting to be able to quote from "Two Hundred Years of the S. P. G.," that, through John Eliot's tracts, the wants of the Indians became known in England, and so impressed was the Long Parliament that in 1649 an ordinance was passed for the promoting and propagating of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England. It is a fact of high significance that after more than two and a half centuries the labors and influence of John Eliot and Thomas Bray can be traced in common efforts to propagate the Gospel in the same "Foreign Parts," and to the common end of giving the Gospel to the same people. The Convention will doubtless honor and reaffirm the name of this society as a *Propagation* of the Gospel; for such Christianity has been from the first. It is not a self-created thing, but a seed carried and planted and reared with care. The attention of all Churches that may be indifferent to missions, though not ready to oppose them, is called to the fact that this is emphatically a Missionary Convention. Two entire days are devoted wholly to missions, and not a day will pass but they share in its proceedings. Whatever else the Convention does, it pledges the Churches to faith in missions, and in such form that works must follow. It has not overlooked the value of a worldwide knowledge of humanity, and has brought home its missionary bishops and given them ample time in which to tell the Churches of their work and arouse them to their duties. It is not too much for Churches of any name to call home from the far East their agents in their most important work, and

receive such instruction and admonition as they may be able to give. A foreign missionary is not an exile, suffered to return by permission of the Society that sent him out; but he is rather an ambassador on great errands. From St. Paul until now, the greatest and best in the Church have been, not its theologians or its prelates, but those who have so fully apprehended the real meaning and work of Christ as to what he did—give the good news of the Fatherhood of God to all men. It is well that the Episcopal Church crowns its great convocation by sitting at the feet of its truest representatives, namely, its missionaries.

I refer to the Convention not simply as a matter of courtesy, but because of the probability that it will offer some suggestions that may be of practical value, of which I name a few.

1. The emphasis put upon missions should stimulate other Churches to do the same on its great occasions. The chief plank in the platform of vital Christianity is *universality*—the clearest sign of which is missions throughout the world. Without this sign there is no true Church. Whatever its relation to ritual or creed, the Episcopal Church still preserves unquestioned the union of its main truths—namely, Christ the Saviour of the world, and the supreme duty of making him known in all the world. The soul of the Christian religion lies in the union of these two truths turned into full reality.

2. We note an alertness in detecting that where the thought of the world goes there should the Church follow it. Two subjects engaging the attention of all thoughtful men to-day are the Panama Canal and the War in the East. To have overlooked the relation of these two facts to Christian missions would have shown a strange blindness. Every day reveals the fact that Japan is ripening, like fruit in the heat of summer, into sympathetic regard for Christianity. It has passed the first stage—namely, a recognition of Christianity as a fact and force to be counted in a nation. The war, however it ends, will establish in the East a critical opinion of Christianity that will inevitably distinguish be-

tween its better and its weaker forms. This is a fact of immense importance. Christianity has not yet taken a real hold upon the East. Its opportunity has come. Six missionary bishops, men of marked ability, will doubtless bear witness on this subject.

3. If I mistake not, the presentation by these and other missionaries of their work in the East will fix attention upon the true unity of all churches by setting before them their real work and under what conditions it can best be done. When all Churches are found to be engaged in the highest form of Christian service, the enthusiasm it naturally begets will reveal the true ground of this unity. It may be expected that this secret will be revealed not so much by researches at home, where learning and traditions are found, as in those fields where the mettle—so to speak—of Christianity is tried in its efforts to win nations to the faith. It will not be settled in the West until a fresh inspiration of the highest and most unhindered sense of Christianity tests it. The great missionaries—and there are getting to be many of them—do not lose the scientific conception of it, but it sinks out of sight under the realized vision of the unity of the Churches. It will be a unity of co-operation in which everything will be set aside that hinders the object to be gained.

4. When the Episcopal Church thus gives missions this high place in its Convention, it reveals the truest wisdom both as an organism and a believing Church. It brings into action its strongest side and shuts out its weakest. It avoids the mistake often made in religious conventions of discussing questions of doctrine or method instead of assuming them and casting themselves straight upon the supreme duty of meeting Christ upon the highest ground on which he stood. There is no doubt what that ground was and is still—namely, bringing the whole world of humanity to the Father. The needed clearness of spiritual things and correct management of ecclesiastical affairs will come when that high air is gained. It is when a Church ascends into the mount that Moses and Elias—law and prophecy—fade out into

the night and "Jesus only" is seen in his true place and supernal glory, and leads his still half-blind disciples, who would stay where Moses and Elias are, down into the world where devils are to be cast out and human suffering is to be healed.

The temptation of the Churches to-day is to linger in their tabernacles and make them fit for Moses and Elias. Full pews, fine choirs, correct architecture, popular preachers, good fellowship—

all these are well enough if they are not made *enough*; but the finer charm beyond these things is not yet felt, or but feebly. But it might be felt if Jesus were looked at as he passed them all by, or let them happen as they might, while he struck straight for the one important thing—humanity itself in its first and eternal necessity. This was and is and will forever be the work of every Church, and every man who knows what Christ means.

Cruelty in the Congo Country

By Booker T. Washington

MY interest in the race to which I belong, and in the advancement of the cause of humanity regardless of race, is my excuse for discussing a subject which I have not hitherto called attention to in public print.

The oppression of the colored race in any one part of the world means, sooner or later, the oppression of the same race elsewhere. Not only this, but what is equally important and equally true is the fact that the degradation and weakening of the oppressors always follow any wrong done to a defenseless people.

No one who has followed conditions as they have been developing in what is called the Congo Free State in Africa during the last few years can fail to reach the conclusion that there is something wrong—a wrong so widespread that civilized nations cannot escape their duty nor evade their responsibility. I am sure that I state the case very mildly when I say that while in this article I can call attention to only a few of the cruelties practiced in that country upon my race, there was never anything in American slavery that could be compared to the barbarous conditions existing to-day in the Congo Free State. But let me be more specific.

When the United States, in April, 1884, recognized the King of Belgium's government in the basin of the Congo, it did so because of "the humane and noble object" which that government

represented. These are the words of the declaration.

It was understood that "an independent confederation of free negroes" was being formed in equatorial Africa, under the benevolent patronage of the King and the association of scientists and explorers that he had gathered about him. Not many years before, the negro State of Liberia had been established in Africa, as a result of the efforts of the philanthropic people of the United States. This movement to erect in the heart of Africa an independent negro State seemed to be an effort to realize on a grander scale the same philanthropic purpose. It was this, no doubt, that led our Government to intervene in what seemed to some people at that time a purely European affair. It is, moreover, to this timely intervention that the Congo State owes in large measure its existence. These are facts which we should bear in mind.

One of the first things the King did as ruler of the Congo was to declare all vacant lands to be the property of the State. This decree did not seem at first either extraordinary or peculiarly important. But that was because the King had not yet succeeded in establishing his authority in the interior of the continent. As fast as he did so, however, the social status of the native and his relation to the soil changed. It became a crime for him to gather on his own account the rubber and ivory in which

the forests abounded; and the white trader, to whom he had been accustomed to sell these things, was treated as a receiver of stolen property.

This decree worked great injustice to the natives. It took from them at one stroke all the natural wealth of the country, with which they might have been able to purchase the products of civilization, as soon as they learned to value them. At the same time it took from them every incentive that they might otherwise have had to work, and to learn from the white man the use and value of the great natural resources of the land on which they lived. So far from making the native free and independent, this method of dealing with him took away what little natural ambition and desire for a higher and better life he may have had.

But that is not all. This first false step led, naturally enough, to the second. Having taken from the negro his right to trade, to which the West African has a native bent and a peculiar aptitude, it became necessary to find other means to induce him to work. If the natives could not in some way be made to gather the rubber and the ivory in the forests, the reason for the white man's presence in equatorial Africa would no longer exist. From this time on we hear the complaint that the West African will not work. This great obstacle to his advancement the Government has sought to remove by the imposition of taxes and the introduction of forced labor. So it has come about that, instead of making the negro free and independent, King Leopold has been led to set up a system in the Congo which, from all that I can learn about it, is harsher and more evil in its consequences than any form of slavery that has ever existed on African soil.

Suppose we ask ourselves, before we go any farther, why it is that the African in the Congo will not work. Before the white man came to Africa it was not necessary for the negro to work. The soil supplied, almost without effort of his own, all that he needed for his existence. After the white man arrived, however—at least this seems to have been the case in the Congo State—there was

no longer any inducement to labor, since the white man took from him the only means by which he might, if he chose to do so, have been enabled to raise himself to a higher and happier plane of existence. At the same time his new master, under legal forms and with ceremonies that were new and strange to him, has imposed tasks so heavy and heartbreaking that men die under them as if stricken by a pestilence. During the building of the railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool, which cost so many hundreds of lives, thousands of natives, I am told, crossed the Portuguese border, preferring the virtual slavery that prevails there to the sort of freedom they were given in the Free State.

One of the most unfortunate results of this method of dealing with the African is the heritage of misunderstanding, mutual distrust, and race hatred that it inevitably leaves behind it. This alone, in my opinion, will render fruitless for many years to come every effort to bring the great mass of the natives under the better and higher influences of our Christian civilization.

I have thus far simply sought to point out the consequences of what it is charitable to call a mistaken policy. I now wish to refer to certain actions of the King's government that cannot be attributed to an error of judgment, but only to a rash expediency and a desire to pay dividends on the money invested in a so-called philanthropic experiment.

It is said that King Leopold owes his success in the Congo to the fact that he has known how to turn the forces of savagery against itself. He conquered one after another the different parts of his vast domain by arming one tribe of savages and pitting it against the others. In this way he has not only subdued pretty nearly the whole of the territory assigned to him by the Belgian Conference, but has compelled the conquered tribes, by employing one tribe as a policeman to control the others, to bring in under the title of taxes large quantities of tribute. The consequences of this method of collecting tribute have sometimes been horrible. I shall quote only one short passage from the report



of the Rev. W. H. Sheppard, a colored missionary, whom I knew slightly as a fellow-student at Hampton Institute. This is a report written on the spot by an eye-witness. Mr. Sheppard had been sent out by the mission to investigate what is called a "rubber raid." The raiders in this case were a tribe of cannibals known as the Zapo-zaps. After a day's journey he came up with the chief of the band, and, as he was acquainted with him, talked with him about the raid. According to the report, the following conversation ensued:

"How many did you kill?" I asked.

"We killed plenty; will you see some of them?"

"Oh, I don't mind," I said, reluctantly; but that was just what I wanted.

He said, "I think we have killed between eighty and ninety, and those in the other villages I don't know. I did not go, but sent my people."

The chief and I walked out on the plain just near the camp. There were three people with the flesh carved off from the waist down.

"Why are the people carved so, leaving only the bones?" I asked.

"My people ate them," he promptly answered. He then explained. "The men who have young children do not eat people, but all the rest ate them." On the left was a great big man shot in the back and without a head. (All these people were nude.)

"Where is the man's head?" I asked.

"Oh, they made a bowl of the forehead to rub up tobacco and diamba in."

We continued to walk and examine until late in the afternoon, and counted forty-one bodies. The rest were eaten up by the people.

On returning to the camp we crossed a young woman, shot in the back of the head; one hand was cut away. I asked why, and Mulumba N'Cusa explained that they always cut off the right hand to give to the State on their return.

"Can you not show me some of the hands?" I asked. So he conducted us to a framework of sticks, under which was burning a slow fire, and there they were, the right hands—I counted them, eighty-one in all.

There are not less than five hundred guns all told, and sixty women (Bena Pianga) prisoners. I saw them. Some of his followers or principal men are Lualaba, Kabunga, Kasenda, and Zapo Kingonda.

The chief of the band told Mr. Sheppard that he had been sent out to do this wild work by the State officers. It was intended as a punishment to certain of the neighboring villages for failure to

bring in the required amount of rubber. I might add that Mr. Sheppard, who has been eleven years in that region and knew the methods of the Government, believed this statement of the native and holds the Government entirely responsible for the crimes this band of raiders committed. The whole truth about this matter will probably never be known.

I wish to point out, however, that whether the Congo Government is directly or only indirectly responsible for this hideous piece of savagery, it cannot escape responsibility for the conditions which made it possible. Having armed these savage black men and incited them to make war on one another, it cannot avoid responsibility for the consequences of its policy.

And what is the result of it all? Not the improvement and uplifting of the black men, since wherever the white man has put his foot in the Congo State the black man has been degraded into a mere tool in the great business of getting rubber. And what is the effect upon the white men who are condemned to perform this degrading work? All reports agree that these men almost invariably give themselves over to the worst vices, if for no other reason than to escape from the melancholy which their isolation breeds. Some of these men, it is said, condemned on account of their crimes for long terms of service in the interior, give themselves up to despair and kill themselves or commit horrible crimes. It is clear that the native is not the only victim of this system. What a comment on the whole situation is the single fact that only a few months ago an officer of the Government was condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment, after he had been convicted of killing one hundred and twenty-two persons!

If anything that I have said will serve to call the attention of civilized nations, and especially that of our own country, to the conditions existing in the Congo Free State, and will further serve to bring about such action as will in any manner modify or improve the present status of affairs, I shall feel that I have not written in vain. Certainly the whole subject demands careful investigation and swift action.

On the Underground Railroad

By Sara Andrew Shafer

CHILDREN divide the stories they love into two classes. The stories in books about giants and trolls and fairies and beautiful princesses may not be true, however desirable it might be to have them so. The stories not in books about things which have really befallen either the person to whom one is listening, or some one whom that person knew, may be true, but are as vague and far away as the printed tales. Side by side they live in the memories of the little hearers, each playing its part in the formation of character, and each throwing its light on that strange, new thing called Life. Here is one of the true stories. I can almost hear the voice of the Doctor of the old school who told it to us.

I do not remember exactly where he lived, since his life touched ours only on the one night in which he was our father's guest. We were allowed to sit up as late as any one else sat up on that one night of all our childhood—a thing that would have fixed the visit in our memories had nothing else done so. There was much else, however, and this is a part of it.

Long years before the telling of the story there had been another night, when it had been winter also—the cold, snowy winter of northern Ohio. In that State, which lay between the slaveholding State of Kentucky and the free soil of Canada, there were not only the pleasant miles of public highway and the shining networks of steel rails, but also another set of paths—known, unknown; seen, unseen—called the Underground Railway. Over these paths the runaway negroes made their way, fleeing, crouching, hiding, starving, terrified, yet pressing ever nearer to the goal they longed for. The bare knowledge of this mysterious road was often a perilous thing, for the Fugitive Slave Law was in force and it was no light thing to face the consequences of helping or harboring the runaways.

The Doctor was a poor man. That

goes without saying when one speaks of a country doctor of the years before the art of healing went hand in hand with the art of money-making, and when men felt "called" to be doctors as other men were "called" to be parsons. His wife—as were many ladies of her time and place—was compelled to perform all the services of the household, and in the winter in question she had added to her usual cares by taking in two students who were reading with her husband. The young men shared the attic chamber, and lent a hand when certain duties were to be performed.

On the lower floor were the Doctor's surgery; a large living-room overflowing with books and natural curiosities; a kitchen, which was also the dining-room; and Mrs. Rush's bedroom. Opening out of the bedroom was a large closet in which hung the scanty wardrobe of the married pair, some chests of bedding, and some boxes of birds' nests, and other such collections as had been crowded out of the living-room.

One night there was a tap, not at the door, but at the bedroom window. The Doctor was instantly awake, and the sash was softly opened.

"Who's there?"

"Us, Massa."

He closed the sash, and stepped back to his wife's bedside.

"Two women," he whispered. "Black."

Mrs. Rush reached out for a warm wrapper, and she struck a light. "Bring them in here," she said.

The door opened noiselessly. Two women stood where the light from the candle shone on them. They had the look that comes only to the face of the hunted.

"How far have you come?" The question was whispered, so was the reply.

"From Crook's Ford. A man there told us to come here, and he said, 'Thee will find safety until trouble is past.'"

"Ah, yes!—Friend Carruthers."

Mrs. Rush had opened the door of the dark closet. From one of the bins she lifted a feather bed, which she spread on the floor. From another she took a pile of quilts and blankets. Then she stepped softly into the kitchen, and returned with bread and meat and a pitcher of milk. No one could tell at what hour the Doctor would be called to drive off through the bitter night on the errands of mercy which filled his life, and for this reason some bricks were always kept in the oven, ready to be transferred to the sleigh. Mrs. Rush brought in some of these hot bricks, after the women had eaten, and then each one, with the warm comforter clasped to her breast, sought rest on the pallet laid on the closet floor. Mrs. Rush closed the door and blew out the candle.

At breakfast one of the students asked:

"Did you go out last night, Doctor?"

"No; why?"

"I thought I heard the door open, and some one talking downstairs. I listened to hear if you wanted me to hitch up, but I guess I soon fell asleep."

Things went on much as usual. The young men cleared away the snow from the paths about the house and outbuildings, and cut and carried the wood for the stoves. Mrs. Rush allowed herself the extra luxury of a bedroom fire, so there was a little more wood than usual to cut. They dug out the vegetables from the banked-in cellar, but they never gave a thought to the way in which cabbages and smoked meat disappeared. The Doctor's face was a shade graver than it commonly was, but they never guessed the reason for it, or wondered why Mrs. Rush's step had a new purpose and her eyes a steadier light.

One afternoon a man named Caleb Ruff stopped in the office to get something for his cough. He hung about the stove long after the bottle of syrup was safe in his pocket, telling bits of neighborhood news with his slow, drawling voice.

"They say they's a couple of men hereabouts huntin' for two runaway nigger women," he said. "They 'low they've traced 'em to Crook's Ford. They seem to 'spect them Quakers,

C'rutherses'n' Darwinses, 'n' John Taber says they're goin to s'arch their houses t'night. How John knows I don't. Seems like some folkses' noses is always poked into other folkses' business."

Not long afterward Caleb Ruff shuffled out, mounted his horse and rode away.

"That man's a fool," announced one of the students, succinctly.

There was a dance in the village that night, and the students were dressed and away betimes. The Doctor and his wife had a long talk together by the office fire.

"If they come and find you alone, will you be frightened?"

"No."

"Can you clear away all traces of the women?"

"There are no traces. There have never been any."

"My brave wife!"

The Doctor peered out into the night. Snow had begun to fall. "It couldn't be a better night," he said.

"Can you tell me which way you will go?"

"Down to Crook's Ford."

"Won't the men be coming from that direction?"

"That is why I choose it."

"You know best."

They sat and waited. Ten o'clock came, then eleven, then the tall clock struck twelve. The Doctor got up and put on his weather-beaten great-coat and his coonskin cap. He kissed his wife, and then, after his hand had touched the latch, he turned back and kissed her again.

"I don't think there is any danger," he said; "but if there is, good-by," and then he went out.

Mrs. Rush called the women. They were warmly dressed. In the three weeks of their hiding they had sewed the flannel stuffs she had given them into warm garments.

"Don't speak," she said, "and do just what the Doctor tells you." The old sleigh, the old horse, the old buffalo robes, the old Doctor, all as familiar and as dear to the whole countryside as the rugged oak-trees on the hill crest, stopped before the house door. The women felt the cold air on their faces

for a moment before they crouched at the Doctor's feet under the piled-up robes. The snow was falling fast, and almost before the sleigh had reached the highroad the footprints of the women were effaced.

The Doctor held the reins close. Captain might be old, but he understood his master's hand, and he responded to his lightest touch.

The bells jingled merrily through the drifted lanes, and at length there was another sound; the sound of horses' feet approaching rapidly. The Doctor was to find what he had come to seek.

"Hullo, there!"

"Good-evening," called the Doctor.

"Is this the road to Berryville?"

"Yes. Keep straight on until you reach a house with a fine windbreak to the north of it. That is my house. I am Dr. Rush. Then turn south, and in twenty minutes you will be in the village. A snowy night."

One of the men flashed a lantern-light straight into the Doctor's face. By its light a pistol shone. It was held by a steady hand. A strong finger pressed the trigger. The Doctor's gray eyes never flinched.

"We're from Kentucky," said the man, "and you know what it is Kentucky men mostly comes to look for these infernal times. Are there any runaway niggers up your way? Two women?"

The Doctor lifted his right hand.

"On my honor as a gentleman, I do not believe there are."

"Have you heard of any during the past month?"

"Again, gentlemen, my word of honor, I have heard no talk of any."

Captain knew that little trick of the Doctor's left hand. He started and gave a jerk, and then sheered off into the drift at the right of the road.

"My horse is restless, as you see, gentlemen," said the Doctor. "And time presses. An errand of mercy—you understand?"

"We understand, and good-night, sir."

Captain gave a second start, and this time he passed the strangers. As he did so the Doctor saw the pistol lowered, and he heard a broken sentence—"All the same, old fellow, we'll take a look at your house."

After he had passed the next field he lifted a corner of the robe. "You're safe now, friends," he said, and the sleigh-bells kept time to the fleeting footsteps of the trusty horse, and the snow sifted, sifted, in the track of those who fared forth on a bootless errand.

Where did he take the fugitives? Straight down to James Carruthers', whose premises had been searched within the hour. The good man received them without a word.

The Doctor's fees were mostly the thanks of those who would have had no helper but for him. Out of his slender purse he slipped a little coin into each of the dark palms as he bade the women good-by.

The next day the Kentuckians returned to the house behind the pine windbreak.

"We don't want to be rude or give trouble, but we'd like another look around," they said.

The Doctor waved his hand.

"My house is at your command, but I assure you you will not find what you seek."

"And you do not know where the women are?"

The Doctor's hand went up again—a worn old hand; a hand beautiful in God's sight; a helpful, healing, comforting, strengthening hand, that had never been withheld from the tasks set by his Master, the Good Physician.

"Again—my honor—I do not know."

It was many a year before he knew that the women never saw Kentucky again.

"If Captain had not shied at the right moment, who can tell what might have happened?" said the Doctor.

Biography and Autobiography¹

MR. STODDARD died in the spring of 1903. Mr. Hitchcock tells us in his very sympathetic note preceding the Introduction that the poet began to write these recollections seven years before his death, and that the book was ready for the press early in that year. Then, not unexpectedly, came the end; and Mr. Hitchcock has added a brief account of the close of an arduous and deeply interesting life, so that this volume has not only the interest of an autobiography but the completeness of a biography. It is unfortunate in some respects that Mr. Stoddard did not write it earlier; it lacks a certain freshness and vivacity which he would have given it if the task had fallen in the years before the pressure of half blindness, partial paralysis, and the weariness of a maimed old age were upon him. The story is a pathetic one, especially the early part of it; and yet no one who reads it or who knew Mr. Stoddard would think of using the word pity in connection either with his book or with his life. He was of too virile a mold, too strenuous a temper. He sometimes struck heavy blows; he took them, if not with buoyant cheerfulness, with entire courage. They came again and again, especially in his later years, and he met them with a brave front, unflinching and undiscouraged. Life dealt hardly with him from the beginning. The story of his childhood gives the impression of a singularly lonely child and of most unattractive surroundings. As a rule, the childhood of men of talent, no matter how hard its conditions, is touched with imagination. Stoddard's childhood was throughout lack-

ing in the elements of play, devoid of those springs of inspiration which rise from the very soil of happy and unconscious childhood. We have glimpses of factory towns and interiors of spinning-rooms, weaving-rooms, and mule-rooms, of revolving wheels and whizzing spindles, rather than of out-of-door brightness and cheer. It is not until the boy became a youth, and had left the factory town behind him and made the acquaintance of a group of young men of letters in New York, that the story becomes cheerful. He tells us that his earlier recollections of New York were not over-pleasant; but he had always been a reader, and he began to haunt old book-stalls after office hours, picking up bargains in odd volumes, mostly of the English poets.

In those days he met Mr. J. H. Ingraham, the author of "Lafitte; or, The Pirate of the Gulf," "Captain Kidd," and other forgotten stories, the first novelist whom he ever saw face to face; "Ned Buntline" was another of his acquaintances. New York was then reading the stories of Lever, of G. P. R. James, and beginning to like Dickens. Mr. Willis, Mr. George P. Morris, and Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark represented literary editorship. Bayard Taylor appeared on the horizon in 1848, bringing with him the immense fund of vitality, good cheer, and *bonhomie* which Stoddard lacked, and which must have come to him like a revelation of a warmer world. The two young men were lovers of poetry, and early practitioners of the art. Stoddard was a devotee of Keats, and Taylor, as he has subsequently abundantly showed, a devotee of Shelley. To Taylor Stoddard lost his heart, as every one did who knew that gifted, versatile, and buoyant spirit; a man whose work it is quite impossible for his friends to judge dispassionately, so persuasive and attractive was his personality. Stoddard draws a very interesting portrait of N. P. Willis, the most popular author of his time in America—a brilliant and charming dandy, who brought something

¹ *Recollections: Personal and Literary.* By Richard Henry Stoddard. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock. With an Introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The First of the Hoosiers. Reminiscences of Edward Eggleston. By George Cary Eggleston. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Francis Parkman. By Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Robert Browning. By Edward Dowden. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Newman. By William Barry. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

of the atmosphere of the Old World with him from his foreign visits, and who bore himself with a gracious air to literary aspirants. The "Home Journal" was then so considerate of young talent that the youths who contributed to it called it their "Incubator." In these days Stoddard came to know Lowell, Hawthorne, and other men who were doing the serious literary work of the time. His account of Poe, like almost every record by Poe's near contemporaries, gives the impression of excessive irritation. It also gives the impression of inadequacy and of a certain fundamental injustice. Poe was a most trying person to deal with; a man whose personal failings and the uncertainty of whose temperament made it almost impossible for the men who had any kind of transactions with him to judge him sympathetically or to estimate his work at its full value.

The story of the New York of Dr. Griswold, the Misses Cary, of Willis and Morris and the "Home Journal," receives an important contribution in these reminiscences which preserve the literary traditions of the older city, the habits and the resources of the rising group of men of letters of which Taylor, Stoddard, Mr. Stedman, and George T. Boker were foremost members. Justice has not been done the charming and delicate talent of Boker, the occasional presentation of whose "Francesca da Rimini" on the New York stage recalls a name which has almost faded from the memory of the present generation. There are glimpses of T. Buchanan Read, of Thackeray, and of Bryant; there are letters from Longfellow; there is a chapter on the New York Custom-House, which is not so detailed nor so delicate and searching a characterization as Hawthorne's account of the Salem Custom-House; and there is a charming account of the appearance of Mr. Stedman at the beginning of his eager and arduous career, the beginning also of a lifelong friendship between the two poets marked by the utmost loyalty, and of that constant helpfulness to the very end which has been one of Mr. Stedman's prime characteristics. Those were the days of Pfaff's restaurant, and of an artistic and literary

New York distinctly Bohemian in its habits and tastes; of Mrs. Stoddard's novels, concerning which the "Recollections" tells us: "They are the most original and the most powerful novels ever written by an American woman, and, like her shorter stories, grip hold of the stern, hard realities of New England life." This is certainly true, although it is in no sense a critical summing up of those very unusual and extremely defective stories. The personal interest of this volume is very considerable, although one cannot help feeling that if it had been written earlier it would have been much richer, and the material would have been much more skillfully developed.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston's biographical sketch of his brother, Edward Eggleston, whom he calls "The First of the Hoosiers," is almost an autobiography; it could hardly be more intimate and informal. It is written largely in the first person, for in telling the story Mr. Eggleston has permitted himself to speak of his own experiences, so far as they relate to his brother, with great fullness and frankness, and, it must be admitted, with a simplicity which protects him against the charge of egotism. Edward Eggleston will be remembered chiefly for two kinds of work, very dissimilar in character and yet both growing out of the same interests and the same studies: he was the first novelist of genuine force to deal with the types of character in the Central West, and his "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "Roxy" will long be read, not only for their intrinsic interest but for their portrayal of the manners and life of the old frontier. That life is as rich in the material of which fiction is made as was the old New England or the old Southern life, but it is of an entirely different character. Its homeliness, the crudity of its background, its broad humor, its friendliness and its self-confidence were admirably depicted by Mr. Eggleston, who spoke from an intimate knowledge of typical persons and careers and who had unusual skill as a delineator of character. "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" was the beginning of a long series of studies of American life in different

sections which have become, perhaps more than any other group of books, permanent contributions to American literature during the last twenty-five years.

Beginning with the study of the life about him in its most obvious aspects, Mr. Eggleston broadened his attention and his interests to include a study of life as it formed itself in the New World; and his latest work, unfortunately left incomplete, "The Beginnings of a Nation" and "The Transit of Civilization," showed an intimacy not so much with the political aspects of life in the New World in the days of the colonists as with the fashions, the family life, the personal ideals, and the religious faith of the men and women who gave the American State its primary shaping. Twenty years of work is contained in these volumes, and no one can read them without realizing how great a loss American literature sustained when this large scheme of Mr. Eggleston's was interrupted by his death.

Of old Virginia stock, the father having been a captain in Washington's army at Yorktown and taken his degree at William and Mary, Edward Eggleston was born in Indiana at a time when the first settlers were making their homes there. He had the rare opportunity of living what was really a frontier life, surrounded with the best books in French and English, and with access in his childhood to the records of the highest civilization abroad. The story of the school life of the future author is chiefly a record of interruptions caused by illness and of indomitable industry and courage in overcoming them. In his various vocations, and, later, in the saddle as a Methodist preacher, Edward Eggleston came to know the Central West of forty years ago intimately, to sympathize with its homeliness, to speak its dialect, and to comprehend also the force of aspiration hidden beneath its rude exterior and the possibilities of higher civilization of which the whole region was full. It is this uncommon combination of diverse conditions that explains the simplicity of Edward Eggleston's tastes, his interest in the homely types of character, his broad intellectual

sympathies and interests, and the high standards which he set before himself. A Virginian by birth, born in a household in which there were elements of genuine culture, educated in small schools, spending a considerable part of his life in the backwoods preaching to rustic congregations, carrying on at the same time studies in various languages and in different fields, he became at last that uncommon person, a self-made man of letters, who knew the people of the country at first hand, and was equally at home with the best traditions of the older culture.

The most engaging qualities in this narrative are its simplicity, its sincerity, and its unpretentiousness. It is a plain story of a plain man plainly told. It cannot be regarded as a final biography; it was not meant to be. It is a record so intimate that it has the quality of an autobiography. The future historian of American literature will find much in him that will explain the very interesting moment in our literary history when good writing ceased to be the exclusive possession of the seaboard States, and the first steps were taken towards a National literature. He will also find the portrait of a very sincere, ardent, honest, vital, and engaging personality.

The biography of Francis Parkman which Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., has contributed to the American Men of Letters Series, is especially rich in material furnished by Mr. Parkman himself. In some of the most important parts it is autobiographic. This is notably true of the journals of his early journeys in the Far West, which gave him his first-hand knowledge of Indian life and character, and which, quite as much as the examination of historical sources in the libraries of France and of this country, equipped him for the important historical work which he did later. Mr. Sedgwick has drawn generously on these journals, but not too generously, for his biography is well balanced. It is very sympathetic, but the subject justifies the almost enthusiastic interest of the biographer. There has rarely been a more charming personality, a more heroic career, or a more important achievement than the character, career, and work of Francis

Parkman. Mr. Sedgwick's style gains with practice. It was somewhat willful and assertive in some of his earlier essays. In this biography, as in his recent study of Petrarch in the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly," he is sober without losing his vivacity and judicious without being in any evil sense academic. The biography is an admirable piece of work.

Professor Dowden's study of Browning is in many ways the most satisfactory account of the poet that has appeared. It is not a biography in the sense in which Mrs. Orr's is, but it gives the reader a much more definite impression of the man, a much more intelligible report of his genius. The biographic data are ample, quite as ample as Browning would have desired, and as his readers have any right to ask. The one great episode in Browning's life was his courtship and marriage—one of the most beautiful and satisfying romances in the history of art; a romance which held its bloom through trying years of invalidism, which found expression in some of the most tender and sane verse and letters in literature, and which the poet preserved in ideal integrity during the long and lonely years of his later life. This story is told with frankness and also with proper reticence. The happy years in Italy, the passionate interest in Italian independence, the changes from Rome to Florence and from the city to the cooler mountain towns, the friendships with Landor, Story, Hawthorne, and scores of interesting people, the long devotion of the impulsive and ardent husband to the fragile wife, the visits to Paris and England—this varied and deeply interesting story of two of the most richly endowed spirits of their time is told with adequate fullness and with due reticence.

The life of Browning lay chiefly in his love for his wife, and in his art; and Professor Dowden has given a sympathetic account of these two kindred expressions of the poet's nature. The works are discussed very fully and in chronological order, and the volume is distinctly the best commentary on the poems that has appeared. It is thoroughly sympathetic and it is entirely

sane. Professor Dowden is a lover of Browning, as are all those readers who come to close quarters with him; but he is not a blind devotee; he might say, as Browning said, that he is no "Brown-ingite." His comment on the poems is illuminative and deeply interesting; it makes some obscure utterances plain; it traces the evolution of the poet's mind and art; it presents the different groups of poems in the different portions as stages in the self-knowledge of the poet, and successive phases of his endeavor to find his most effective and individual speech. The book will freshen the interest of those who know Browning best, and it will be quite invaluable to those who are just beginning to make his acquaintance.

Mr. Ogden modestly disclaims any intention of supplanting Ticknor's biography of Prescott, and contents himself with the endeavor to supplement that elaborate work. The plan and service of his carefully written memoir could not have been more happily defined, although injustice would be done this latest contribution to the American Men of Letters Series if it were treated as an adjunct to a more elaborate work. It is complete in itself, and, although of very moderate compass, it presents a portrait drawn at full length. Mr. Ogden courteously suggests that when Ticknor wrote at great length the story of his friend's career he was an old man, with austere views of society and literature, and indisposed to present the light and shadow of Prescott's temperament. All this is true, but it needs to be said in addition that Ticknor, with all his admirable qualities, was distinctly a man of academic temper and mind, painfully regardful of traditions and afflicted with unyielding ideas as to the proper deportment of a man of letters. He drew at full length the portrait of the historical scholar, the cultivated gentleman, the accomplished intellectual aristocrat who wrote the "Conquest of Mexico" and "Ferdinand and Isabella;" but Prescott, the high-spirited, gay, lovable son, friend, husband, father, member of society, with his splendid flow of geniality, his dauntless courage, his winning simplicity and charm, escaped him. There

was a great deal of the boy in Prescott, as there is in most men of fresh and vivid imagination, and Ticknor gives the impression of having worn the gravity of maturity from his earliest youth.

It was reserved for Mr. Ogden to bring Prescott before us in all the freshness and charm of his vivacious temperament and winning personality. He had a subject of unusual beauty, and he has succeeded in painting a portrait which seems like an ideal sketch and yet is convincingly human throughout; a man who was in the strictest sense of the word beautiful, and yet who was notably virile, highly energized, of superb courage and endurance. In the whole field of letters there is no more charming figure than Prescott's, nor is there the record of a more courageous career. If a series of American Heroes should be projected by some enterprising publisher, this volume ought to be included in that series. It might well be put in the hands of every school-boy as a text-book of the best kind of living.

The emphasis of this biography rightly rests on the personality of Prescott, and the account of his work is treated as part of the story of the man. In thus focusing his attention and arranging his materials, Mr. Ogden showed a sound instinct. It is not with his account of Prescott's work, but with his estimate, that some readers will feel compelled to take issue. He had a delicate task to perform and he has done this part of his work with reserve and discretion; but Prescott could have borne a little more definite reappraisal, and these chapters would have gained in interest and authority. The book, as a whole, is a very competent piece of work, free from slovenliness, vague generalization, and "fine writing;" like all Mr. Ogden's literary work, it shows conscience, skill, familiarity with the field.

While the world waits with some impatience for the long-delayed authoritative biography of Cardinal Newman, it must content itself with such brief estimates and reports of his immensely interesting personality as the study which Mr. Barry has just published. The story of the great preacher and writer is told by one who is in thorough sympathy with his point of view and with the solution of the mystery of life which he finally accepted. To those who find that solution, as did Arnold, "quite impossible," the supreme interest in Newman resides not in his ecclesiastical career but in the story of his mind, the type of his religious life, his genius as a writer. That he was a man of religious genius is as much beyond question as is the honesty of his character, the sincerity of his purpose. One great source of interest which men of all faiths feel in him was the combination in him of the spontaneity and freedom of genius with the necessity of external authority. He is one of the few modern men of genius who have become conformists. The pressure of the free force within him is evidenced by the necessity he felt of justifying and rationalizing his submission, not to the world, but to himself, and his almost unrivaled dialectic skill is nowhere more conspicuous than in his application of the law of evolution and development to Catholic history and doctrine. Mr. Barry deals very fully with the ecclesiastical side of Newman's career, but the emphasis of his book lies on the great preacher's spiritual history and on his literary genius, and he has written a very readable account of one of the most fascinating of men. His style is a little too elaborate at times, his admiration a little too ardent and aggressive; but these faults find their compensations in his vivacity, his keen interest in his subject, and his ample knowledge of the period.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Affair at the Inn (The). By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 220 pages. \$1.25.

A curiosity in fiction-writing, in that each of the collaborators takes a single character and writes that part and that alone. The result has more unity than might be expected, but it is odd to note how Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) sets the pace, so to speak, while the others write up to her situations and to her lively and amusing portrait of an American girl abroad. The story of this girl's conquest of a reticent and rather stiff but amiable young Englishman with an automobile is cleverly told, and the book, though of the slightest, is entertaining.

Belle of the Fifties (A): Memoirs of Mrs. Clay of Alabama. Gathered and Edited by Ada Sterling. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6x9 in. 386 pages. \$2.75, net.

These memoirs are eminently readable and entertaining, although the editor might have omitted some of the more trivial and purely personal narrative to the advantage of the general reader. Mrs. Clay's husband was United States Senator from Alabama from 1853 to the outbreak of the Civil War; then became a member of the Confederate Congress, and, after the fall of the Confederacy, shared President Jefferson Davis's imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. At Washington, in Richmond, and elsewhere, Mrs. Clay had every facility to meet famous people. The memoirs abound, therefore, in personal anecdotes and pictures of a social life long gone by. She knew President Pierce, President Buchanan, President Davis, and all the political notabilities of their administrations, while Thackeray, Jenny Lind, Charlotte Cushman, and many others famous in literature, on the stage, or in society, also figure in these pages.

Beverly of Graustark. By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 357 pages. \$1.50.

A successor, though not exactly a sequel, to Mr. McCutcheon's immensely successful tale, "Graustark." Both belong to the class of which "The Prisoner of Zenda" was the prototype. One must not ask for probability or reality in these romances of imaginary modern history, in which political intrigue and personal adventure run riot. Here a lively American girl is mistaken by a fugitive prince for the Princess of Graustark, and the error is carefully fostered by the girl—and the author—with startling results. Plotting, fighting, and villainy have a large place in the tale, which aims at dashing action

rather than at literary quality or study of human nature.

Book of Little Boys (A). By Helen Dawes Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5¼x7½ in. 158 pages. \$1.

This is sure to be accepted as one of the best "juveniles" of the season. Every one of these twelve boys is alive and unlike the other eleven. There is fun here, and it is free from rowdiness and sensationalism. Through all runs a thread of genuine human sympathy.

Castle Comedy (The). By Thompson Buchanan. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½x8½ in. 235 pages. \$2, net.

This is a story of romance, adventure, and intrigue. Its scene is England and its time during the first Empire, when, as we all know, England was greatly disturbed by rumors of French invasion and French plots. A French spy plays a prominent part in the story. The book has evidently been especially planned for the holidays. It is elaborately decorated and has many colored pictures by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Christian Philosophy of Life (The): Sermons Preached in the Dartmouth College Church. By Samuel Penniman Leeds. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 303 pages. \$1.25, net.

This title is well chosen for a series of sermons intended, as their author says, "to create the atmosphere of love of truth." Their topics are largely ethical, but in view of the great objects of religious faith. Dr. Leeds enjoys the very rare distinction of completing forty years of service in a college church. The discourses selected for this volume are almost entirely such as have been repeatedly given to Dartmouth students in successive college generations. President Tucker contributes a warmly commendatory introduction.

Church and the Future Life (The). By David Van-Horne, D.D., LL.D. The Central Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio. 5x8 in. 247 pages. \$1.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances M. Trollope. (The Unit Books.) Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 4½x7 in. 392 pages. 64c.

Early Hebrew Story: Its Historical Background. By John P. Peters, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 308 pages. \$1.25, net.

The modern Bible reader, if well informed, is fairly well aware of the results of the first stage of scientific criticism—the composite authorship of the Pentateuch and other books of the Old Testament. The results of the second stage of criticism in the unraveling of the strands of myth, legend, and history

that have been woven together in the records of the earlier times are here presented, so far as reached in the consensus of competent investigators. They are likely to give more of a shock than their precursors gave to those who identify theological and religious interests with the traditional idea of divine revelation. And yet their difficulty is only the same with that which they felt when the doctrine of evolution came in to modify the traditional idea of creation. The *fact* of divine revelation is not touched by the charge that criticism requires in our view of the *mode* of it. The Faculty of Bangor Theological Seminary, where the six lectures comprised in this volume were given a year ago, has commended them in ample terms as possessing "exceptional worth" for thoughtful people. This should reassure those who are pained to hear that Dr. Peters recognizes no distinct historical personality before Moses, and dates from him the beginning of Israelitic tradition in distinctness from Canaanite and Babylonian components.

Earthquakes. By Clarence Edward Dutton, Major U. S. A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 314 pages. \$2, net.

Echoes from the Glen in Divers Keys. By William Page Carter. The Grafton Press, New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ in. 138 pages. \$1.50, net.

Elements of Mechanical Drawing. By Gardner C. Anthony, A.M. (Technical Drawing Series.) Revised and Enlarged Edition. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ in. 152 pages. \$1.50.

Ethical Teaching of Jesus (The). By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., D.Litt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 293 pages. \$1.50, net.

This is a work of different type from such as those of Professors Mathews and Peabody. It is exegetical, critical, scholastic. As a critical exegete Professor Briggs excels, and in this line is the merit of his present work. He pronounces against the prevailing sentiment of the churches on the subject of divorce: "Jesus did not put the Church or the State in bondage. He did not give a new law; but he gave an advice, a counsel as to the perfect state of marriage. . . . All attempts to force this ideal upon a society whose ethical and religious character is so justly described as 'hardness of heart' bring forth many more evils than they cure." Less admirable, open indeed to the gravest objection, is Professor Briggs's general concurrence with the Roman Catholic teaching as to "counsels of perfection" and "works of supererogation," which ethical science justly criticises as erecting a double standard of duty—a lower for the multitude, a higher for the few—and as fatal to that aspiration toward the moral ideal in which alone real morality consists. As an ethical philosopher Professor Briggs is less successful than as a Hebraist. Casuistry does not, as he says, "arise from a conflict of duties," but from the claims of opposing courses to the supreme rank of duty. Duties never conflict. In the most perplexing conflict of claims only one course can be the path of duty. The entire chapter on "The Kingdom of God" falls

short of the need of a modern conception of the term in the line of Dr. Hyde's "Social Theology" and Dr. Gladden's "Applied Christianity."

Faith and Praise: A Sacred Cantata. By John A. West. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ in. 59 pages. 75c.

Fergy the Guide: And His Moral and Instructive Lies about Beasts, Birds, and Fishes. By H. S. Canfield. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ in. 342 pages. \$1.50.

These Munchausenesque tales, soberly related in camp to a holiday sportsman by his guide, are not the less amusing for the author's very evident satirical intent toward the animal stories nowadays so much in evidence that credit the lower orders of creation with almost superhuman intelligence. Mr. Blashfield's illustrations add greatly to the zest of these clever exaggerations.

Gabriel Praed's Castle. By Alice Jones. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 380 pages.

Georgians (The). By Will N. Harben. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

This is so far a sequel to Mr. Harben's "Abner Daniel" that it has again for its leading character that quaint, resourceful, and large-hearted old North Georgian. He is a person racy of the soil, full of native humor, and really worth knowing. For the sake of his shrewd talk and genial human philosophy one is willing to forgive some very obvious faults of construction and discursiveness in the novel itself.

Germany: The Welding of a World Power. By Wolf von Schierbrand. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 307 pages.

A new edition of a book which first appeared two years ago and was then reviewed in *The Outlook*. It includes magazine and review articles on many subjects connected with German political and social life.

Gospel and the Church (The). By Alfred Loisy. Translated by Christopher Home. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 277 pages. \$1, net.

It was fortunate for the diffusion of the Abbé Loisy's work that it was proscribed at Rome, and its reading interdicted to the faithful. Curiosity to see it is now gratified by a good English translation. Why it should be proscribed does not clearly appear, unless it be the freedom which the author allows himself in the critical treatment of the Gospels. It is a brilliant attempt to vindicate Roman Catholicism to the modern mind in a reply to Professor Harnack's treatise on "The Essence of Christianity." The general position taken is that Christianity is subject to the law of evolution; that as the adult differs from the infant, so must the modern Church differ from the primitive. The worship of Jesus, of the Virgin, of the saints, the seven sacraments, the organization and dogmas of the Church, all are held to be legitimate developments of the revelation embodied in Jesus, viz., "that God reveals himself to man in man, and that humanity enters with God into a Divine

association." But M. Loisy clearly, though cautiously, maintains that the principle of development involves the transiency of present forms of religious thought, and that the modern spirit has brought "a great religious crisis" upon the Church in the demand for the adjustment of old formularies to new conditions. The press accounts of this book sent over from Europe were misleading. It should be read for its exposition of the ingenuity with which a highly gifted mind has made the grand adjustment for itself.

Hollow Earth (The). By F. T. Ives. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 162 pages.

How the United States Became a Nation. By John Fiske. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 254 pages. \$1.25.

Professor Fiske's historical essay on this subject is presented in attractive form, well illustrated, and thoroughly well suited for school and college use. It is one of the highest developments in historic writing to cover such an extended period as that here under discussion in brief space and yet in good proportion, and Professor Fiske had no superior at this kind of task.

Imperator et Rex: William II. of Germany. By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Em-press." Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 282 pages. \$2.25, net.

Effusive and imaginative—the latter in the sense that the author frequently plunges into overwritten descriptions of scenes at which she cannot possibly have been present, and of talks which she does not really expect the reader to suppose she heard. That she possesses some special information about the Kaiser's personal and domestic life seems certain, but in biography, and especially when written anonymously, it is thoroughly unsatisfactory to be unable to distinguish between authentic, first-hand knowledge and what is mere court gossip and newspaper talk. The familiar and all too eloquent style of the semi-biographical books by this author have given them a considerable popularity among those who love to fancy themselves behind the scenes in royal courts and in the salons of the nobility, but they cannot be taken as a serious contribution to history.

Japan in the Beginning of the 20th Century. Published by the Imperial Japanese Commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. 6×9 in. 829 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Julius Cæsar. By William Shakespeare. Edited for School Use by William Hammond McDougal. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 158 pages.

Kittiwake of the Great Kills (A). By Charles Frederick Stansbury. Illustrated. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 221 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

A dozen or so of animal stories, the histories of the author's pets, or of the subjects of his more or less scientific observation—among them, as rather unusual types, a tortoise, two snails, and a hermit crab. That Mr. Stansbury is a genuine lover of animals is evident; that he

is a clever writer as well is equally apparent in all but the first sketch, where the ant is overburdened with the message. More's the pity, for it is a worthy protest against the use of bird plumage in millinery.

Ladder of Swords (A). By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 291 pages. \$1.50.

Sir Gilbert Parker's latest story is distinctly in the romantic vein, as his earlier stories have been, and is characterized by the same fertility of invention and much of the same brilliancy of style. The scene is laid in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the most dramatic events take place in and about the grounds of one of the Queen's palaces. The story is somewhat intricate, and while the plot is not complicated, it is sufficiently obscure to keep the reader's interest keen. The Outlook will make more extended comment upon this book later.

Life of Jesus. By Ernest Renan. (The Unit Books.) Howard Wiltford Bell, New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 444 pages. 68c.

Little Kingdom of Home (The). By Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. $6 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 483 pages. \$1.50, net.

Thirty brief chapters of gracious sentiment and wholesome counsel on the subject of home-making comprise this informal little treatise on the material aspects and ethical significance of family life.

Little Royalties: Stories about the Children of the Rulers of Europe. By Isabel McDougall. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 163 pages. \$1.25.

A half score of charmingly told stories about children of European rulers. The book is illustrated with reproductions of many famous portraits of the "little royalties."

Lyrics of Childhood. By Edward Mayhugh. The Grafton Press, New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 55 pages.

Master's Violin (The). By Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 315 pages. \$1.50, net.

The success of "Lavender and Old Lace," by this author, was due to a certain delicacy of sentiment and gentleness of character, joined with a mild but genuine vein of humor. The present book follows the same lines, but is hardly as natural and simple as the former book, and at times it seems a little overwrought and overstrained.

Mastery (The). By Mark Lee Luther. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 402 pages.

Decidedly one of the best of the rapidly increasing class of political novels. The author knows the ins and outs of New York State's political history and uses his knowledge adroitly. It is hardly true, as asserted by several newspapers since this book has appeared, that Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell are among its characters, but the author has apparently seized upon certain traits of personality and incidents of political history in the lives of these party leaders, and has interwoven other traits and other incidents purely imaginary. Apart from its study of

politics as a motive power and influence, good or bad, in character-building, "The Mastery" is a readable novel; its movement is continuous, its style terse, its characters alive.

Men and Manners of the Third Republic.

By Albert D. Vandam. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 310 pages. \$3, net.

The charge laid against the late Albert Vandam of having written of France and French institutions in a spirit of "systematic hostility" is likely to be revived as a result of the appearance of the posthumous work wherein he studies the formation, nature, and tendencies of the Third Republic and the personality of its founders. Of "the ten men who kicked from their path the lifeless body of the Second Empire," but one, in Mr. Vandam's opinion, could lay claim to heroic qualities. Thiers is painted as a poltroon, miser, and trickster; Gambetta was a "low-bred adventurer," a "coward," and a "scourge of France;" Favre "knew as much about the most elementary usages of diplomacy as a board-school boy knows about cuneiform inscriptions;" the Republic itself sprang from a "quagmire of lies, imposture, and, above all, of overweening and arbitrary confidence and impudent incompetence." French republicans, as a class, are branded as unpatriotic: "All republican tall talk about 'country' notwithstanding, there never was a French republican who would willingly abandon his schemes and his personal ambition, both of which he loftily calls his principles, for the sake of his country." These citations are characteristic of the tone of the work, which, despite its author's explicit disclaimer of prejudice, obviously cannot be accepted as a fair and authoritative portraiture of the "men and manners" of the Republic.

Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives,

1801-1815. By John Goldworth Alger. James Pott & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 342 pages. \$2.50, net.

This is a curious addition to Napoleonic literature, an account of the personnel and doings of the British tourists who availed themselves of the opportunity offered by the Peace of Amiens to visit the France that had been virtually closed to them since the Revolution and to make the acquaintance of Napoleon, who, upon the resumption of hostilities two years later, not only prohibited the Englishmen and Englishwomen then in France from returning to their native soil, but detained them in certain designated towns. Mr. Alger, in his quest for information bearing upon these visitors and captives, secured access to original official sources, and from the material thus placed at his command has produced a gossipy, piquant, and really informative work, an entertaining social history of the period, abounding in anecdote and reminiscence, and shedding many a side-light upon Napoleon's internal rule and upon his treatment of the "détenus." "Peers, M.P.'s, soldiers and sailors, philosophers, scholars, and merchants" were

among those who flocked to see the young Corsican, and to their dismay found themselves in his iron grasp; and of nearly all of the more notable visitors Mr. Alger has something interesting to say. Perhaps the highest interest, however, attaches to his descriptions of the every-day life of the captives at Verdun, and to his recital of the impressions of those who, after the downfall of Napoleon, visited him at Elba.

Narragansett Bay: Its Historic and Romantic Associations and Picturesque Setting. By Edgar Mayhew Bacon. Illustrated. G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×9½ in. 367 pages. \$3, net.

This volume depicts the Bay with beautiful illustration and agreeable description. A notably handsome text-page, substantial binding, some seventy half-tones from the author's excellent drawings and from photographs, make the book decidedly attractive. The method is similar to that employed in this author's well-known book "The Hudson River from Ocean to Source." Romantic incidents, eventful historic associations, local traditions, have been combined with a narrative of pleasant cruises and other personal study of the picturesque localities of Narragansett Bay.

Our Little Irish Cousin. By Mary Hazelton Wade. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 102 pages. 60c.

Old Gorgon Graham: More Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. By George Horace Lorimer. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. \$1.50.

This second volume of letters from the shrewd, forceful, humorous old business man to his son well sustains the quality of its predecessor. It is as full of condensed common sense and human nature as a nut is of meat. It is amusing—and it is a great deal more. Hard business shrewdness is mingled with a kindly feeling, and "Old Gorgon Graham," if he hates a fool, equally appreciates intelligence, ambition, and American self-reliance. This is a book of humor, but is also a book of stimulation.

Old Truths Newly Illustrated. By Henry Graham, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 229 pages. \$1.

Orrain. By S. Levett Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 364 pages.

A semi-historical story of France, formed on the model set by Mr. Stanley Weyman. It has considerable plot interest and is a fair specimen of the class of fiction to which it belongs.

Over the Hill to the Poor-House, and Over the Hill from the Poor-House. By Will Carleton. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6¼×9 in. 75 pages. \$2, net.

A new holiday illustrated edition of two of Mr. Carleton's most popular poems.

Pagan's Progress (The). By Gouverneur Morris. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 258 pages. \$1.

With the exception of a clever book called "Ab," published a few years ago, this is the only attempt extant, we believe, to depict primeval man in fiction. Mr. Morris does

not balk at the brutal and horrible in his sketches of the struggle for existence and the clash of primitive passions. We see the primordial lover wooing his bride by savage fight with his rival, and marrying her by the simple process of knocking her down with a club and dragging her into his cave by the hair of the head. How fire is discovered and proves first a bad master and then a good servant; how a bent stick leads to the great discovery of bows and arrows; how a child's making of mud pies brings about the manufacture of pottery; how love and hate and jealousy and imagination (as in the case of No Man, who would not hunt and would scratch pictures on bones)—how all these had their place in urging the brute-man on toward civilization is cleverly suggested. The little story is assuredly original, but it is not likely to be the forerunner of a new class of fiction.

Panther Stories: Retold from St. Nicholas.

Edited by M. H. Carter. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 189 pages. 65c. net. Several well-known writers, including Ernest Ingersoll, C. G. D. Roberts, and Tudor Jenks, contribute tales of adventure to the baker's dozen that form this juvenile collection. A natural history chapter by W. T. Hornaday on the cat family in our country prefaces the stories, in all of which one or more full-page illustrations, containing a counterfeit presentment of Mr. Panther, help to fix the animal's characteristics in mind, and supplement the author's realism.

Practical Morals: A Treatise on Universal Education. By John K. Ingram, LL.D. Adam & Charles Black, London. 5½×9 in. 167 pages.

Dr. Ingram here presents the educational scheme of the Positive philosophy, whose subordination of all else to morals is worthy of all imitation. Having eliminated God, Positivism offers as the scientific substitute collective Humanity. This is "the true Great Being," to be worshiped not only with willing and competent service, but with personal prayer as well as with public solemnities. For "Her" service "the Positive Church" exists, with its priests, its ritual, its sacraments. The director of education is "the Priest," and all education is destined religiously, to prepare for "the service of the Great Being." The moral ideals exhibited here should set all religious people to thinking. However weak and poor the Positivist's notion of ultimate reality may be, the just ridicule with which the Christian Church has treated it should be postponed until the social ideals of Christianity have been rescued from neglect. Positivism seems to have stolen the clothes of Christianity while the Church was sleeping.

Readings from Modern Mexican Authors.

By Frederick Starr. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 420 pages.

Sabrina Warham. By Laurence Housman. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 433 pages. \$1.50.

This is a carefully thought out and well-proportioned work of fiction, notable among the

slight and ephemeral novels of the day for its serious artistic purpose. In a remote English countryside, bleak and lonely in winter, beautiful and serene in summer, Sabrina's lot is thrown among people for the most part uncongenial to a girl of refined ideals. She becomes strangely involved in the affairs of her neighbors, loves and marries a man of force of purpose but lack of principle, proudly withdraws herself when she knows him as he is, and after his death finds faith and strength of character in her farmer-cousin, David. There are few people in the tale, but each is a careful creation and truly a character. The story is slow in movement, but of continually increasing interest. It is altogether sane in its treatment of social and ethical problems, and it has reserve power. Mr. Housman is usually credited with the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," but that once so popular book has little in common with "Sabrina Warham."

St. Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) By Rev. J. Gamble, M.A. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 120 pages.

This is a well-wrought and effective condensation of a subject on which great volumes have been written. It is duly critical, justly appreciative, and fully commendable.

Silences of the Master (The). By John Walker Powell, Jr. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7 in. 62 pages. 25c., net.

Spanish Grammar (A). By E. C. Hills and J. D. M. Ford. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 292 pages.

Story of a Lie (The) and Other Tales. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 276 pages.

This little volume contains three stories by Stevenson which are not so well known as most of his work, and are not obtainable in book form outside of the complete edition of Stevenson's works. Not one of the three tales is Stevenson at or near his best. Besides that which gives title, there are included "John Nicholson" and "The Body-Snatcher"—the last written as a ghastly sort of joke, which, like "The Wrong Box," one wishes had never come into the author's fertile brain.

Sunday-School Teacher Training. By H. M. Hamill, D.D. The Sunday-School Times Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 106 pages. 50c.

Tales of a Poultry Farm. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 195 pages. \$1. net.

Mrs. Pierson has written these stories for her own and other people's children, but we are quite sure they will give enjoyment to an adult audience as well. Close and sympathetic observation, imagination, and a keen sense of humor, joined to the storyteller's art, have made of the inhabitants of the farmyard, under this clever writer's treatment, a community surprisingly human. We have all met the Brown Hen and the White Cock quite outside its precincts, and (as the saying is) higher up in the scale.

Through Science to Faith. By Newman Smyth. New Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 282 pages. \$1.50, net.

The contrast between such a work as this and the works on Natural Theology that were current twenty-five years ago is immense. It marks the change of method from field-work to the laboratory, from the naked eye to the microscope, demanded by the modern spirit. As a text-book in what may be called the new natural theology this is unexcelled. In his preface to the new edition Dr. Smyth reviews his line of thought in the light of the reviews it has received, and parts company with two classes—"philosophical and theological writers who know nothing of the natural history of the Spirit," and "scientific teachers who know nothing of the spiritual history of nature."

Tommy & Co. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 337 pages. \$1.50.

A collection of sketches and stories of London journalistic and "Bohemian" life, held together with a thread of common interest in "Tommy," who first appears as a nondescript street urchin of the age of twelve in a journalist's apartment, dressed in half-boy and half-girl fashion, and asserts absence of all knowledge of her proper sex. The journalist adopts "Tommy," and in time she becomes a very charming and capable sub-editor. Two or three of the stories have fun and go in them, but the book is uneven and as a whole disappointing.

Truth about the Trusts (The). By John Moody. (Popular Edition.) The Moody Publishing Co., New York. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 514 pages. \$2, net.

This is a comparatively low-priced but still well-made edition of Mr. Moody's book, which we have already characterized in a review as extremely valuable because of its immense amount of information not elsewhere easily obtainable, while the conclusions drawn are often sound and usually shrewd, if not always to be accepted without question.

Underneath the Bough: A Book of Verses. By George Allan England. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 95 pages. \$1, net.

Up Through Childhood. By George Allen Hubbell, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 303 pages. \$1.25, net.

Dr. Hubbell, in the course of a large experience, has qualified himself to say things profitable to hear. He understands children, and his counsels are based on an intelligent sympathy with them, and on principles of instruction that are psychologically sound. He has the especial merit of recognizing, as many modern educators fail to do, the primacy in the nature of the child of the religious instinct. The deficiency of our educational product, as compared with the effort expended, he attributes to neglect of this factor, which he holds to be of incomparable value both for quantity and quality of result. When the Christian and the Positivist are

found agreeing that education must first of all be religiously motivated, we may consider it as fairly settled.

Union Seminary Addresses. By Thomas S. Hastings. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 266 pages. \$1.50, net.

This volume includes with Dr. Hastings's inaugural address in 1881 others given at the opening and close of the Seminary year, besides some at the monthly devotional services, and farewell addresses to graduating classes. A considerable part of the volume is occupied with brief but suggestive talks at morning prayers. Such a volume is of high value as a presentation of Christian ideals, especially those of the Christian ministry, by one who has devoted the fruits of large learning and ripe culture to their pursuit, in the endeavor to "treat humanly things divine, and to treat divinely things human."

Value of the Bible and Other Sermons, 1902-1904 (The). By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 334 pages. \$1.75.

Canon Henson, as the readers of The Outlook know, is a prominent representative of the theological progressives in the Church of England. This volume exhibits him attractively as such. Particularly noteworthy is the discourse on "Honor in Times of Transition." The sermon on "Caiaphas" is one to quicken the conviction of civic responsibility in every man who lives under representative government. The special interest of the volume is in a long introductory letter to the Bishop of London. Telling the Bishop, who had publicly condemned the positions held by Canon Henson, that the volume is intended to answer the numerous attacks made upon his teaching and character, the Canon proceeds in a most courteous but clever way to spike the Bishop's guns, and does it with admirable thoroughness.

Vicar of Wakefield (The). By Oliver Goldsmith. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) Edited by Louise Maitland. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 265 pages.

What Every Christian Needs to Know. By Howard W. Pope. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 224 pages. 75c.

How to commend Christianity to others is what the author undertakes to show. It is not with conduct, but with the rôle of a *ductor dubitantium*, a winner of souls by words rightly spoken, that the instructions here given are concerned. Its readers seem better counseled for dealing with moral and practical than with critical and theological difficulties. The "saved" would seem to be more Biblically characterized as those that are "being saved" (Acts ii. 4). The altruistic intent of salvation upon service is well put in the foreground, and it needs to be.

Words of Koheleth: Son of David, King in Jerusalem. Translated Anew by John Franklin Genung. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 361 pages. \$1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

The Political Issues

A Free Parliament

Until the election we shall open our columns to a free discussion of the political issues involved in this campaign, reserving, of course, the right to reject any contribution; it will doubtless be quite impossible for us to publish all that will be sent to us. No personal abuse of either candidate will be allowed. Brevity is important, and preference will be given, other qualities being equal, to the shorter letters.—THE EDITORS.

WHAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY SHOULD DO

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Although a Democrat, I am humble enough or frank enough to say that I think my party, or some of its leaders, have dragged some issues into this campaign that have no business to be there. But I believe that upon one great issue we are strong before the people. It is conceded by all thoughtful men that the congestion of wealth in our country is a great and growing evil. Earnest statesmen of both the great parties are casting about for practicable and efficient remedies or counteragents for this diseased economic condition. Now, it seems an unavoidable conclusion that the profits of the great combinations which control the production of any of our great staples are unjustly and dangerously large under the Dingley tariff. It is the legitimate effect of these enormous profits that such combinations are formed and flourish, and that money flows in increasing streams to those who need it not, while it becomes an elusive will-o'-the-wisp to the farmer, the laborer, the salaried man, the man of small capital anywhere, whose resources our high prices for food, clothing, tools, and machinery, and high rents in our productive centers, are constantly sapping. What America needs most for her fullest and freest development and for the greatest happiness of her people is free access to raw materials of the best quality, as wools, lumber, ores, etc., and the lowest possible prices for the great necessities of life, clothing, tools, sugar, oils, etc. Scarcely less important is an open door to all articles of educational value, the products of the master minds, the great artists of the Old World. The present tariff effectually deprives our people of free access to these necessary things. Their high prices more than offset the good of the laborer's apparently high wages, and his specious "prosperity" becomes but a tantalization and a heart-burning. This is the reason for his growing discontent, and for the regrettable spirit of envy and sometimes of ingratitude that he entertains towards the capitalist in general. And this is why the Democratic party, in spite of its grievous errors of the past eight years, has a fighting chance this year. If it throws aside all "fake" issues of anti-imperialism, anti-militarism, and race war

scares, and bends its virile energies to the great purpose of removing the possibility of unjust profits on the one hand, and of lightening the burdens of taxation and subsistence to the small money-maker on the other, it must indeed become, as Mr. Wheeler said in *The Outlook* of September 17, "the party of the future."

AMBEROSE COIT.

New York City.

THE DANGERS OF ULTRA-CONSERVATISM

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit me in a few words to give my reasons for voting for Theodore Roosevelt. In general, I approve the policies of the Republican Administration during the past eight years. The Spanish-American War, the foreign policy of the Administration, its territorial policy, its course in the Panama affair, its position and action regarding great combinations of capital and labor, its action in ferreting out corruption in the Post-Office Department—all this commands my approval. I doubt the wisdom of the law restricting the standard of value to gold alone. I do not indorse the position of the Republican party regarding a protective tariff. In some other respects I do not agree fully with the Republican party nor with its candidate. Nevertheless I am an enthusiastic supporter of President Roosevelt. I prefer him to Parker because, first, I believe he is safer and saner. I use these words after careful consideration. Even Judge Parker's friends speak of him as ultra-conservative. The ultra-conservative view of life is never quite the sane one. An ultra-conservative man as an executive officer is never a safe one. Things drift. We had such a President in James Buchanan. Nothing was done, and the country drifted into a terrible war. A Roosevelt or a Grant or a Lincoln might not have prevented the war, but such a man would have prepared the government for it, and the struggle of the South would have been shortened by years. An ultra-conservative in office during the anthracite coal strike would have done nothing. The suffering of a winter without fuel would have equaled that of a war. Indeed, ultra-conservatism might easily have allowed the country then to drift into revolution. Certainly terrible riots and bloodshed would have followed then had the condition gone

much farther. Great problems of the great combinations of labor and capital are upon us. Active radicals like Debs or even Watson and Bryan would, by attempted rapid and revolutionary action, convulse the business and social interests of the country and might cause war. An ultra-conservative like Parker would allow the country to drift into as bad or worse conditions. An active conservative like Roosevelt will act where action is required to adjust to changing conditions.

The term "active conservative" is justly applied to Roosevelt. He is not radical. He has no theories for the rapid political or social regeneration of the country. Yet, with a keen sensitiveness to what is wrong, he sees evils as they arise and strives carefully, step by step, to right them. He has a rich fund of common sense, and, like Lincoln, uses that common sense in the solution of problems of statecraft. He knows the past. He is guided by precedent but not fettered by it. Such men are the truly conservative force of the Nation. Such a man as President is much safer than one who, like Judge Parker in his letter of acceptance, solemnly promises to do nothing if elected.

Boulder, Colorado.

L. P. BARBOUR.

THE PHILIPPINES AND CUBA

To the Editors of The Outlook :

The platform adopted by the Convention of the Democratic party at St. Louis, the subsequent declarations of its nominee for the Presidency, and the greater part of the discussion that has since been going on, virtually assume that the power of the United States over Cuba at the termination of the war with Spain was identical with its power over the Philippines to-day, and the United States is asked to treat the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands precisely as it treated the Cubans.

The facts of the case, however, show a wide and radical difference between the relations of Cuba to this country and those of the Philippines, dating from the very beginning of the war. In the interest of clear and sober thinking it is of value to recall those facts.

April 19, 1898, Congress passed a joint resolution by a vote of 310 to 6 in the House of Representatives and 42 to 35 in the Senate, approved by President McKinley April 20, which declared "that the people of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent," and demanded "that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government of the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters." There was also the express declaration "that the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to the people."

Upon the signing of this joint resolution by the President, Spain broke off diplomatic relations with the United States, and four days later, April 24, declared war; the following day Congress passed an act formally declaring war against Spain. So that at the time war broke out, Cuba, so far as the United States was concerned, was already by right independent of both Spain and the United States, while the Philippines were, and so remained for nearly a year later, part of the territory of the Spanish Crown.

August 12, 1898, a protocol was signed, providing for peace between the two warring nations, for the *cession* of Porto Rico, the *relinquishment* of "all claim to sovereignty" over Cuba, and the American occupancy of Manila until the status of the Philippines should be determined by treaty.

The Treaty of Paris, between Spain and the United States, signed December 10, 1898, and ratified by the United States Senate February 6, 1899, provides:

"Article I. Spain *relinquishes* all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba. . . .

"Article II. Spain *cedes* to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies and the island of Guam in the Marianas or Ladrones.

"Article III. Spain *cedes* to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands. . . . The United States will pay to Spain the sum of twenty million dollars (\$20,000,000) within three months after the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty."

Throughout this treaty, which, when ratified by the Senate, became, under a specific provision of the Constitution, part of "the supreme law of the land," the distinction between the *relinquishing* of Spanish sovereignty in Cuba and the *cession* to the United States of sovereignty to the other territories parted with is carefully maintained. The phrase is invariably, and over and over again, "the territories over which Spain by this treaty *cedes* or *relinquishes* her sovereignty," respectively; so that when the treaty became incorporated into "the supreme law of the land," it incorporated Porto Rico and the Philippines into the sovereignty of the United States, while Cuba was left in the occupancy of the United States but with its status defined as "free and independent," under the joint resolution of Congress passed before the outbreak of war and distinctly recognized in the sixteenth article of the treaty, which provides that "any obligations assumed in this treaty by the United States with respect to Cuba are limited to the time of its occupancy thereof; but it will, upon the termination of such occupancy, advise any government established in the island to assume the same obligations." In the eighth article the distinction between the status of the United States towards Cuba and the other islands given up by Spain is brought into sharp contrast: "In conformity with the provisions of Arti-

cle I., II., and III. of this treaty, Spain *relinquishes* in Cuba and *cedes* in Porto Rico and other islands in the West Indies, in the island of Guam, and in the Philippine Archipelago, all the buildings, wharves, barracks, forts, structures, public highways, and other immovable property which, in conformity with law, belong to the public domain, and as such belong to the Crown of Spain."

So it is clear that, while the sovereignty of the Philippines passed directly by cession from Spain to the United States, the sovereignty of Cuba did not so pass, but all claim to its sovereignty was relinquished by Spain to the people of the island, under the declaration of the United States, backed up by force of arms, that they were already "free and independent," and had by right been so since a period prior to the beginning of the war which made their independence effective. The United States by its own act was estopped from incorporating Cuba into its sovereignty; about a year later it actually did so incorporate the Philippines.

It is, therefore, to say the least, an inexact demand which requires us to do for the Filipinos what we did for the Cubans. Literally, the thing is impossible; it is too late. What the country is now asked to do is, not to avoid assuming sovereignty over a people already declared free and independent of us, but to dismember the sovereignty of the United States and to abandon territory that is held in trust by precisely the same tenure as New Mexico or any other territory is held.

If there is any warrant in the Constitution for doing this, it has not yet been shown. It may or may not be a good thing to do, but there does not seem to be any way in which it can legally be done, as the Constitution now stands.

J. H. C.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PROTECTION LOWERS PRICES

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of September 17, Everett P. Wheeler, in a communication regarding the "view of the two parties," says: "Because of the debasing influence of tariff legislation designed to enrich the few at the expense of the many." Now, regarding this tariff question, I wish to make a statement of facts, and then ask Mr. Wheeler or any other free-trader to successfully controvert them if he can. There is not an article of manufactured merchandise in America to-day that has been protected by a tariff but what sells for less by from one-fourth to one-half, or more, than it did before. Look at the silk industry. Since protected by a tariff it has grown to large proportions and pays out hundreds of thousands of dollars a year in wages, and all kinds of silk goods sell now for less than one-half of what they did before. Look at all kinds of hardware, selling for two-thirds less than before tariff protection, and even supplying England with building hardware better and cheaper than they can or do produce. Nails before protection

cost from ten to twelve cents per pound, now they are only four cents per pound. Look at salt. It was several dollars per barrel, now less than one. You can go through the whole catalogue of manufactured goods and not find an article but what sells for less; and thus the people—the whole people—are benefited, and industries grow up that pay out millions of dollars to bread-winners. The wise statesmen in England to-day are urging a protective tariff for their country, and use the argument that the prosperity of this country is due to the protective tariff. The "many"—if they are wise—will "stand pat" with the party that indorses the protective tariff.

WILLIAM D. HULL.

San Diego, California.

[*Post hoc* is not always *propter hoc*.—THE EDITORS.]

CIVIC IDEALS

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I protest most emphatically against Mr. Everett P. Wheeler's comparison between the political corruption in the metropolis of the country and that in that of the Keystone State, and the conclusions therefrom drawn. While such corruption has its distinct manifestations and peculiar local symptoms in every locality, no real student of sociological questions would attempt to explain the existence of the generic disease by merely local conditions. Why can deny, in reason, that the generally close, or at least uncertain and hard-fought, political contests in the metropolis have had almost everything to do with the acceleration of reform movements, while, of course, the promoters of better municipal government have been aided to a degree by the opportunism that more and more has actuated the leaders of every party that has been victorious at the polls?

Philadelphia, on the other hand, instead of being stirred from center to circumference by political dynamics, due in large part to close party alignment, has been suffering long from a condition of lethargy brought about by practical certainty of the perpetuation of political control. That this control has happened to be Republican has little or nothing to do with the case. Not one thoroughly wide-awake and honest citizen in one hundred but believes that Pennsylvania would be equally corrupt under Democratic domination. Quayism has permeated the body politic, but, to a greater or less degree, the spirit of corruptibility has taken possession of the American people at large. The elevation of popular civic ideals is the hope of the Republic, not mere change of party control. And it is in his well-considered, unremitting efforts to illuminate and make attractive his lofty concept of ideal citizenship, by precept and by example, in season and out of season, that Theodore Roosevelt has commended himself so highly as a candidate for the popular suffrage.

EDWARD W. WILD.

Keene, New Hampshire.